

AUSTRIA'S DARK HORSE. By EDITH SELLERS. Fortnightly Review.
3316



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE ARAKELIAN PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

THE IMPROVED
Boston Garter



KNOWN AND
WORN ALL OVER
THE WORLD

The NAME is
Stamped on Every Loop

The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg —
Never slips, tears, nor
unfastens

EVERY PAIR
WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER
or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 50c., mailed on
receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

VISIT OUR NEW



**UPHOLSTERY
DEPARTMENT**

WHITNEY'S

Temple Place and West Street
BOSTON



SPENCERIAN COMMERCIAL
PENS

Pen Elasticity

Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

We Weave RUGS From
Your Worn and discarded Carpets - Circular -
No Agents
BELGRADE RUG Co
32 Hollis St Boston

TO LIVING AGE SUB-
SCRIBERS OLD OR NEW

Remit \$6.75
Before Jan. 31st

AND GET

**THE LIVING AGE
AND
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**

FOR ONE YEAR

After February 1st, 1908, McClure's
will cost \$1.50

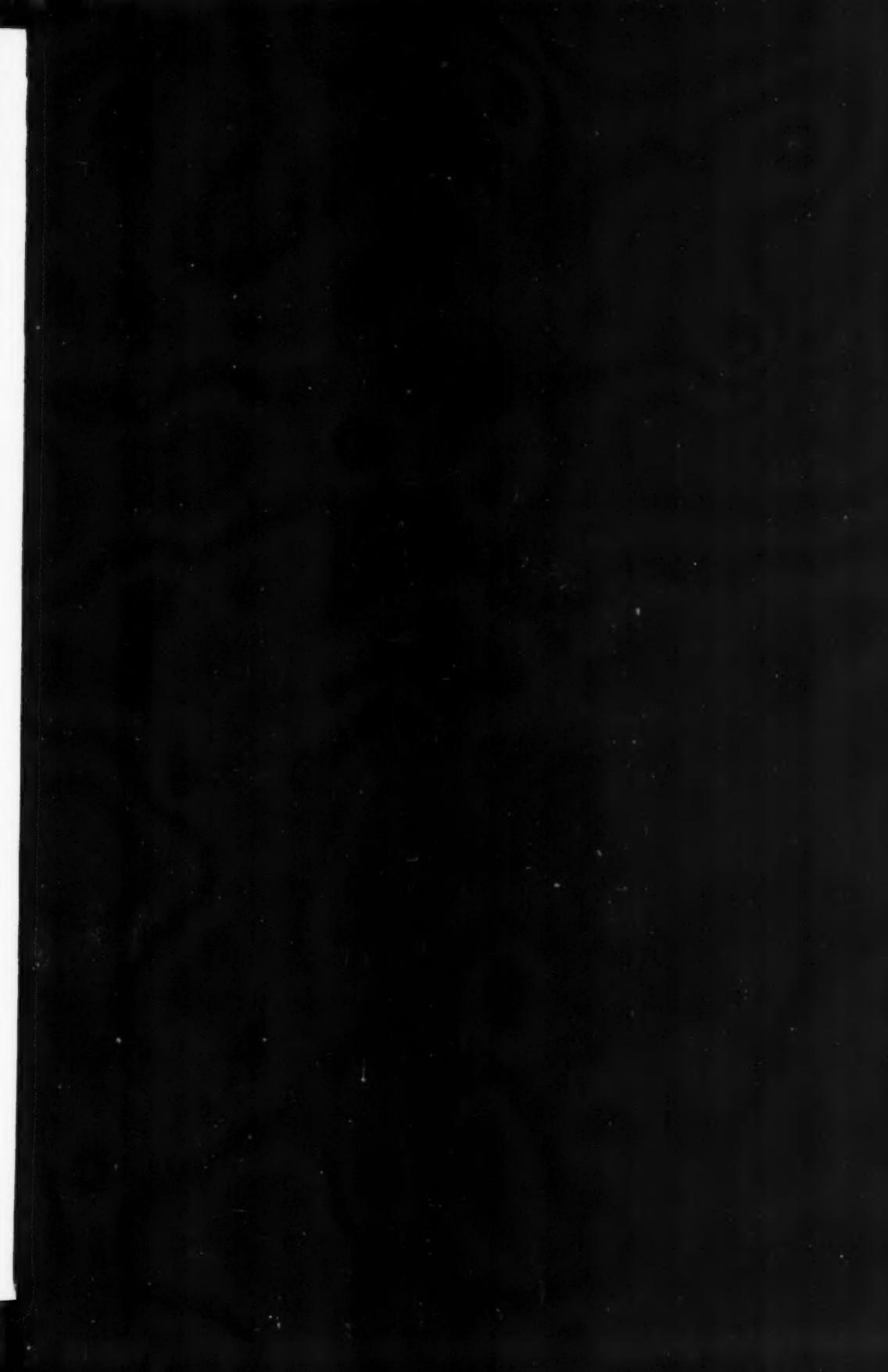
WHEN IN BOSTON STAY AT THE
COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL

HUNTINGTON AVENUE, EXETER and BLAGDEN STREETS

* A high-class, modern house, intelligent service, moderate prices, pleasant rooms, superior cuisine. Long distance telephone in every room. * Ladies travelling alone are assured of courteous attention.

Copley Square is Boston's literary, musical, artistic and religious centre.

AMOS H. WHIPPLE, Proprietor





THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVIII.}

No. 3316 January 25, 1908.

{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. COLVI.

CONTENTS

I.	Austria's Dark Horse. By Edith Sellers.	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	195
II.	The Race for the Poles. By Harry de Windt, F. R. G. S.	LONDON MAGAZINE	206
III.	The Return of the Emigrant. Chapter XXII. Happiness Road. By Lydia Miller Mackay. (To be continued.)		215
IV.	Liberalism and Christianity. By John D. Sinclair	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	220
V.	The Chase of the Flier. By Wilfrid L. Randell	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	231
VI.	The Literary Movement in Ireland. By George A. Birmingham	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	235
VII.	The Cant about Riches	SPECTATOR	243
VIII.	The Verdure of London	OUTLOOK	245
IX.	The B. A. at Work	PUNCH	248
X.	The Language of Fine Clothes	SATURDAY REVIEW	249
XI.	The Woods in Winter	TIMES	251

A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	A Roundhead's Rallying Song. By Alfred Noyes	SPECTATOR	194
XIII.	A Creed. By John Masefield	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	194
XIV.	The Dead Poet. By A. D.	ACADEMY	194
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		255



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

A ROUNDHEAD'S RALLYING SONG.

How beautiful is the battle,
How splendid are the spears,
When our banner is the sky
And our watchword *Liberty*,
And our kingdom lifted high above
the years.

How purple shall our blood be,
How glorious our scars,
When we lie there in the night
With our faces full of light
And the death upon them smiling at
the stars.

How golden is our hauberk,
And steel, and steel our sword.
And our shield without a stain
As we take the field again,
We whose armor is the armor of the
Lord.

Alfred Noyes.

The Spectator.

A CREED.

I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs, and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that holds the
pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust,
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and
shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life's a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be
My sorry heart will ache and burn,
And worship, unavailingly,
The woman whom I used to spurn,
And shake to see another have
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,
A carrion flock of homing-birds—
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.
The brave words that I failed to speak
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and
blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreath my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

John Masefield.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE DEAD POET.

I dreamed of him last night, I saw his
face
All radiant and unshadowed of dis-
tress,
And as of old, in music measureless,
I heard his golden voice and marked
him trace
Under the common thing the hidden
grace,
And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
Till mean things put on beauty like a
dress
And all the world was an enchanted
place.

And then methought outside a fast
locked gate
I mourned the loss of unrecorded
words,
Forgotten tales and mysteries half said,
Wonders that might have been articu-
late,
And voice-less thoughts like murdered
singing birds.
And so I woke and knew that he was
dead.

A. D.

The Academy.

AUSTRIA'S DARK HORSE.

The Viennese are wont for the most part to take life easily: if troubles come they bear them, because they have no alternative; but as for going forth to meet them, that is not at all in accordance with their creed. Day after day the politician whose rôle is the pessimist assures them that Austria is doomed; that she has a sharp rock on the one side, a sharp rock on the other, and shoals, quicksands, and whirlpools before her. Were he a sparrow just chirping, however, they could hardly pay less heed to his words than they do. Even when he waxes tragic, and depicts in lurid terms the fate that awaits them, they go on their way in the most unconcerned fashion. Let him but mention the name Franz Ferdinand, however, and, oddly enough, their whole attitude changes: all signs of indifference vanish, and straightway they begin exchanging anxious glances. Why it should be thus it would be hard to say precisely. Perhaps it is because the name of their future Emperor reminds them that the day will come when they will no longer have their much-beloved old Emperor to steer them safely through all dangers; or, perhaps it is because, in spite of themselves, it sets them wondering how, when that day comes, the steering will be done. An Emperor-King, if he is to ply his calling successfully, must have many rare gifts; he must rival Job in his patience and Solomon in his wisdom; he must be a Cromwell, a Machiavelli, and a Wilkes all combined in one. And even in Vienna the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is a dark horse.

"I know nothing whatever—gar nichts—about the Archduke Franz Ferdinand," an Austrian political leader exclaimed some little time ago. "I know nothing whatever about the

Archduke Franz Ferdinand" are words, indeed, that may be heard at every turn, both in Vienna, where they ring regretfully, and in Budapest, where they are often charged with something akin to resentment. In the one capital as in the other, the future Emperor-King is practically an unknown factor in the great political game, so far as the overwhelming majority of his future subjects are concerned. All the world is aware, of course, that he is a devoted sportsman, one of the best shots in the Empire; is aware, too, that he is keenly interested in agriculture, that his estates are perfect models of good management and scientific enterprise. It is of himself personally that nothing is known, of his qualifications for the great office he will one day have to bear. For whether in his palace, the Belvedere, or at Konopisch, he lives almost as much apart from the people over whom he will one day rule as if he were in a monastery. It is only on state occasions that he is brought in contact even with the *élite* of them; and, although he then plays his part with courtesy as well as dignity, he plays it as a rule in silence—he has been known to go through a state function without speaking a single word. What he thinks, what he hopes and fears, whom he looks on as friends, and whom as foes, no one can say with any approach to certainty, just as no one can say what his political creed is, or what in given circumstances he would do. The Clericals claim, of course, that all his sympathy is with them; but the evidence on which they do so is by no means strong, although stronger than that on which the Radicals accuse him of harboring designs against the Constitution, and the Pan-Teutons pronounce

him the enemy of Germany. The oddest rumors are afloat sometimes concerning him; but they are the merest rumors, fictions not even founded on fact. Were there facts, indeed, on which to found them, he would not be the dark horse he is.

Although no one, so far as the world is aware, really knows the Archduke, there are, of course, not only in Austria, but in Hungary, men and women who claim to know him well, who pose, in fact, as his interpreters, and seek to "explain" him. Unfortunately, however, no two of them explain him alike. "The Archduke has not a thought in his head beyond his garden," a lady who has had him under close observation from his boyhood maintains stoutly. "Franz Ferdinand is quite extraordinarily intelligent," maintains another, equally well able to judge. "He is as weak as water, a mere tool in the hands of his wife," some declare; while others affirm, and quite vehemently, that he is a man of unusual strength of character. He is depicted in turn as cautious and as reckless, as stupid to the point of idiocy, and as brilliantly clever. According to one section of society he does not know the meaning of the word morality; according to another, he is the veriest Joseph. He is spoken of openly as being the apt pupil of the Jesuits in wariness and cunning; yet Pope Leo extolled, as we know, his straightforwardness and plain-speaking. In Budapest the idea of his being a statesman is simply flouted; while in Prague there are people who hold that he is capable of solving problems that have baffled the skill even of his wise old uncle. And whereas throughout the Empire it is almost taken for granted that he is reactionary, I have been gravely assured that he is at heart a staunch democrat, and that by one who had what seemed like proof at hand for

what he said. Little wonder the well-advised among his future subjects persist in declaring that they know nothing whatever about him.

Even among the well-advised, however, the general feeling, it must be confessed, excepting in ultra-Clerical circles, is against the Archduke, not for him. The great majority of educated Austrians are certainly inclined to look on him askance and cavil at him; while the Hungarians who see any merit in him might be counted on one man's fingers. In Vienna nine at least out of every ten who think of him at all are convinced that he is in character a mere Archduke; and in these latter days, thanks to Count Beust's pitiless railings, Archduke is become synonymous with one who is short-sighted, bigoted, and stupid, with a cumberer of the earth in fact, and clog on the world's progress. Short-sighted and bigoted he may be; but, if there is anything in heredity, it is not probable that he is stupid; for his grandmother, on the one side, was the Archduchess Sophie, "the only man in her family"; and his grandfather, on the other, was King Bomba, who, had he been as good as he was clever, would have taken rank before this as a saint.

Until within quite recent days, Franz Ferdinand has labored under great disadvantages, so far as gaining popularity was concerned, owing to his being the son of the Archduke Karl Ludwig and the brother of the Archduke Otto. The Archduke Karl Ludwig was one of the most kindly and charming of men; but he was a reactionary of reactionaries, as well as a Clerical of Clericals; and he proclaimed the fact from the very rooftops. He had a perfect horror of everything modern: in his eyes parliamentarianism, freedom of the Press, and religious toleration were all the devil's own inventions; and, although

he was devoted to his brother, the Emperor, he never quite forgave him for granting his subjects a Constitution. Naturally enough, therefore, they to whom the Constitution was granted regarded him with suspicion as well as disfavor; and not only him but his children; for he was known to be bringing them up according to the strictest Habsburg tradition. On the rare occasions when his sons as boys were seen in Vienna, it was always in the company of priests. The citizens used to shrug their shoulders as Franz Ferdinand passed, and call him a chip of the old block; for he looked for all the world like a little monk as he walked along gravely, solemnly, with his great dark eyes always fixed on the ground. And anti-Clericalism was rife in the city at the time. Then, if in his early days being his father's son told against him in popular estimation, later being his brother's brother told against him much more heavily. For the two were always classed together, they were always spoken of as the young Archdukes; and as no one took the trouble to discriminate between them, whatever the one said or did was just as likely as not credited to the other. And the Archduke Otto had a perfect mania for making the world's hair stand straight on end. For years the strangest stories of his mad, wild doings were bandied about, bandied about, *nota bene*, as the doings of the young Archdukes.

Franz Ferdinand was born in 1863, and was the eldest son of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, by his second wife, Annunciade of the Two Sicilies. His early days were spent chiefly at Grätz; for his father then looked on Radical Vienna as one of the Cities of the Plains. And gloomy days they were; for things were going badly with Austria, thanks, as he was taught, to her hankering after Liberal institutions

and questioning the authority of the Pope. When he was eight years old his mother died. Fortunately for him, however, his father soon found another wife, Maria Theresa of Braganza, who made short work of her husband's antediluvian ways, even though she failed to change his antediluvian notions. Franz Ferdinand soon became passionately attached to her, and with good reason; for she certainly did her best to humanize him and render his home bright and happy. She might have done more for him than she did, perhaps, had it not been that his Clerical tutors were not inclined to brook interference. Even as a boy he was a personage of importance in the eyes of the Church, it must be remembered, as he had inherited the immense fortune of the last Duke of Modena.

In 1878 the Archduke entered the army; he exchanged the companionship of priests for that of officers, and surroundings that smacked of the cloister for a garrison. The result was a foregone conclusion: he plunged into pleasure with a zest that must have caused much heart-searching among his old tutors; and for some years he led a life which, although never so black as it was painted, was still black enough to cause scandal. In those days he was almost as unpopular as any young prince could be who was of no account politically.

Then came the Meyerling tragedy, which made him of very great account, both politically and socially; for the Emperor and Count Taaffe, alive to the dangers that would result from the accession to the throne of so pronounced a reactionary as Archduke Karl Ludwig, practically installed him in his father's place as heir to the Crown. He was just twenty-six at the time, young enough, as they no doubt thought, to learn how to adapt himself to parliamentary ways and to rule as a constitutional sovereign.

And they certainly lost no time in setting to work to teach him. Before ever his dead son was laid in his grave, the Emperor had a long interview with his nephew, one from which the younger man emerged with a face that showed he had been made to realize that life for the future would mean for him more work and less play, more responsibilities, worries, and cares, and fewer pleasures.

To the overwhelming majority of Austrians and Hungarians alike, the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf was a terrible disappointment as well as a keen sorrow; for not only were they devoted to him personally, but they had fixed on him all their political hopes. They had come to count on him to make a clean sweep for them of all their mediæval cobwebs, and set right whatever was wrong. For their faith in him was unbounded, never was there such a statesman as he would prove, they were sure, never such a ruler. With him for Emperor-King, Austria-Hungary would, they were convinced, become strong and united, a great modern State, one well able to make its influence felt as a civilizing power, and hold its own even against Germany. Thus, when they learnt that he was dead, had died by his own hand, they were quite demoralized for a time, sorrowing as those who have no hope. For they felt, as one of the chief of them said, that they must indeed be a doomed people, as otherwise their own Prince would never have deserted them. Whoever had taken his place, they would have scanned critically; and the mere thought of its being taken by Franz Ferdinand, of whom what little they knew they disliked, was almost more than they could bear. And they showed it; for they had hardly a word of greeting for the new heir when he appeared among them: there was something almost resentful indeed in

the chilling silence with which they received him. Yet, had they taken the trouble to observe him a little more closely than they did, they would have discovered that, painful as it was to them to see him in the place of their idolized Prince, it was equally painful to him to be there. For, oddly enough, he was and still is essentially a shy man; this is one of the few points concerning him on which there is irrefutable evidence. As a matter of taste he prefers the seats of the lowly to those of the mighty, if for nothing but that they are better hidden from view. Thus, from the social standpoint, his new position could have no attractions for him at all; nor, from the political, could it have very many. He had been brought up, it must not be forgotten, to look on Constitutionalism as something with which no Habsburg could have dealings without losing self-respect as well as dignity. The prospect, therefore, of becoming a constitutional sovereign could hardly afford him pleasure. At any rate, if it did, he did not show it. He responded in the most half-hearted fashion to Count Taafe's attempts to bring him to the fore; and although he must have known that he was unpopular, he never even tried to win popularity. In Hungary, indeed, he seemed to go out of his way to win unpopularity.

Both the Emperor and his Ministers were, of course, anxious that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand should marry; and Count Taafe was soon hard at work weighing the pros and cons of every possible alliance. The present Duchesse d'Orléans was the princess he fixed upon as the most suitable of all brides for the new heir, not only because she was a very charming princess, a great favorite, too, with the Emperor, but because she was the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, the popular Commander-in-Chief of the

Honved, and was almost as much loved in Hungary as her father. Unfortunately, however, she did not appeal to the Archduke, nor he to her: Count Taaffe's plan therefore came to naught. Then an attempt was made to arrange a marriage between the Archduke and a daughter of Duke Karl Theodor in Bavaria; but this, too, came to naught. Other attempts of the same kind followed: there was hardly a Catholic princess, indeed, whom some one or other did not try to induce the Archduke to marry. But it was all in vain; he listened with grave attention to the overtures that were made to him, but stoutly refused either to go a-wooing or to allow any one else to go a-wooing for him.

Meanwhile, what could be done was being done to fit him for his future position. In 1890 he was sent to Berlin, that he might learn to know his country's chief ally. His visit, however, did not prove a success, owing partly, perhaps, to his shyness being mistaken for pride, and his silence for indifference. The Berliners thought they detected a lack of friendliness in his somewhat ceremonious courtesy, a lack of sympathy, too, in the aloofness of his bearing. He was not so much impressed by them and their surroundings as he ought to have been, it seems, not so prone to admire. He showed no signs of special gratitude for the proofs of Imperial friendship he received; and when flattering advances were made to him, he ignored them in a fashion that must have set the advance-maker pondering.

The next visit the Archduke paid was to St. Petersburg, and this was as great a success as his visit to Berlin had been a failure. There his very shyness seemed to tell in his favor; and it is an open secret that he made an extremely good impression on Tsar Alexander and Tsaritsa Marie. They

were both quite lavish in their kindness to him, and the whole Court united in singing his praises. The Viennese could hardly believe their ears when they heard the flattering comments that were made on him in Russia; and they were as much gratified as they were surprised; for, as by this time they had realized that they would have to make the best of him, it was a relief to them to find that that would not be so hard as they had feared. They showed more interest in him on his return than they had ever shown before; and he might, perhaps, have become popular among them, had they not suspected that he did not care a whit whether he was popular or not.

As time passed and it became evident that nothing would induce him to marry until the fancy seized him, he was allowed to gratify his long-cherished wish to make a tour round the world. During his journey he kept a diary in which he noted down his various experiences; and on his return he was induced to publish it. And interesting reading it is, if for nothing but the light it throws incidentally on his character; for, although it is as a rule strictly impersonal in tone—much of it is a sort of sport guide-book—just here and there are little touches which at any rate give hints as to the sort of man he is. There are no revelations in the book, of course; for that it has been much too severely edited. Still, the care with which the Archduke avoids all mention of Germany and things German is significant, especially as he waxes quite enthusiastic in his admiration of France, and his sympathy with the French as a race. The French stand nearer to Austrians than any other people, he maintains; and are more akin to them both intellectually and in their tastes. For the English as a nation he has, if we may judge by his book, more esteem than

personal sympathy: he likes us individually, but we do not appeal to him collectively. For one thing, although he is, as he assures us, no gourmet, our dinners appal him. There must be something radically wrong, he evidently thinks, with people who can dine on roast beef every day, as he says we do, and without ever a sauce at all. Still, he goes out of his way again and again to express his appreciation of the great work which, according to him, we are doing in the world, and also of the many fine qualities he thinks we possess. He was very much impressed, he tells us, by what he saw in India; it is only a dominant race, a race of born rulers, he maintains, that could hold rule there with so small a display of force. Not that he is a blind admirer of our Indian administration: he has no patience at all with the primitive fashion in which the Ryots cultivate their land—he writes on the subject as an expert—and he taxes the Government with neglect in not having taught them to cultivate it better.

Of Americans the Archduke disapproves fundamentally, and this also is significant. Never was there such ruthlessness as theirs, never such colossal egoism: the way they dance round the golden calf and sacrifice without scruple lives by the thousand that they may add to their wealth is, he maintains, quite horrible. He denounces in unsparing terms what he calls their "humbug," and declares that corruption prevails among them on an unparalleled scale. Then the hurry-skurry in which they live he finds intolerable—"they have not time even to greet one another when they meet." Their off-hand ways jar on him at every turn, and ruffle his susceptibilities. Even the meekest of Imperial Highnesses would resent being called upon to take pot-luck with bagmen. When at Spokane, a certain

Colonel telegraphed asking him to inspect the regiment stationed there. He refused; whereupon a local editor promptly published an article entitled "Franz is here," attacking him violently; and, to insure his reading it, thrust it in at his carriage window. He is openly gibed at for having so much luggage, and is asked how much more he would have if he had a wife with him. When he arrived in one port a woman rushed on board his ship crying wildly, "Where is the Prince?" a trying experience for him, humor not being his strong point. He must indeed have heaved a sigh of relief when he said good-bye to America.

On his return from his travels the Archduke was appointed Inspector-General of the army, and began to represent the Emperor officially. Soon there were whispers, however, that he was not so strong as he ought to be, that he had never rid himself of a cold he had caught while on a shooting expedition in the Rockies; but even the Viennese paid little heed to them. They were therefore both startled and shocked when, on the death of his father, in May, 1896, it became known that there was something so gravely wrong with him that he could not attend the funeral. Before long so many disquieting rumors were afloat concerning his health, that it was deemed advisable to issue an official statement on the subject. This statement, however, was more disquieting even than the rumors; and the painful impression it made was confirmed by the fact that the Archduke Otto at once stepped quietly into his brother's place, and began to represent the Emperor. And this, as all the world knew, meant going from bad to worse. Never, either before or since, were Austrians so much inclined to regard Franz Ferdinand with favor, as during the time when they thought they were going to lose him, and that Otto

would rule over them in his stead.

If the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is alive and well to-day, it is thanks in a great measure to his step-mother and his sisters, who for months gave themselves up heart and soul to trying to keep death at bay. When they took him away to a warmer climate, the general feeling was that they were taking him away to die. But bright sunshine can do wonders, especially when helped by everything that love can suggest or wealth procure; and for him it did wonders indeed. When at length, after a long sojourn in the East, he returned home, he looked stronger than he had looked for years, and more energetic. He began at once to show quite unexpected interest in national affairs, and before long he excited unbounded surprise by appealing to the Emperor to reinstate him officially in his position as heir. Evidently the Archduchess Maria Theresa, while nursing him back to life, had managed to inspire him with a touch of her own ambition, and to make him realize that the chance of wearing a crown was not one to be thrown away.

The old marriage-mongering soon began again; and it was stated not once but half a dozen times, and was contradicted as often as it was stated, that the Archduke had at length found a bride to his taste. Just as the world had made up its mind that he would never marry at all, he began to resort more frequently than ever before to the Palace of the Archduke Frederick; and as the Archduke had no fewer than six daughters this was regarded as a good sign. Soon he went there so often and stayed there so long that there was open rejoicing within the Palace as without, the only point in dispute being as to whether his choice had fallen on the eldest of the six or the second. The Archduchess Isabella was hailed as a national benefactress, because it was she, it was

thought, who, by rendering her house attractive, had overcome his dislike of matrimony. It was a shock all round, therefore, when the truth became known; for although the Archduke had really fallen in love, it was not with the Archduchess's daughter, but with her lady-in-waiting, Countess Sophie Chotek!

The outside world was as much astonished as the Court, for the Countess was already past thirty at the time, not at an age, therefore, one might have thought, to inspire *une grande passion*; and although she has a very attractive face and a graceful figure, she had never been counted beautiful. Her great charm, and she certainly has great charm, lies in her singularly sweet voice, and in her manner, which is most seductive, combining as it does the simplicity of a child with the dignity of a great lady, and the subtle sympathy of a woman who knows her fellows thoroughly. She is one of the seven daughters of the well-known Czech diplomatist, the late Count Chotek, and she is quite remarkably intelligent, the cleverest member of a very clever family, a family with a genius for trimming their sails to suit the wind, and obtaining what they desire by good management.

There was, of course, much shrugging of shoulders in Vienna, much grumbling too, the general view being that it was through sheer "cussedness" that the Archduke had fallen in love with some one whom he could not marry, instead of with some one whom he could. For marry a Chotek he could not, it was taken for granted, as he could not marry without the consent of the Emperor; and every one was sure that the Emperor would as soon think of consenting to his throwing himself into the Danube, as to his setting at defiance the Habsburg marriage tradition. Besides, it was no mere question of family tradition:

there were, as all the world knew, grave political reasons why the heir to the Austro-Hungarian crowns should not marry a subject; as, were he to do so, his marriage would in Austria be merely morganatic, whereas in Hungary, where a marriage is a marriage in the eyes of the law, it would be legally binding. His wife, therefore, were he to become Emperor-King, would legally be Queen of Hungary, although she could not be Empress of Austria; and her son, if she had one, might legally reign in Hungary, although not in Austria. Little wonder, therefore, that both Austrians and Hungarians scoffed openly when the possibility of a marriage between the Archduke and the Countess was first suggested; or that they declared, as they did, that it was an insult to the Emperor to suppose he would ever give his consent to a union so fraught with danger for the Empire.

One fine morning, however, they woke up to find that he actually had done what they had all sworn he never would do. Then there was consternation among them—among such of them, at any rate, as had heads clear enough to realize the seriousness of the step that had been taken. "Had we not worries and cares and anxieties enough already, that this must come upon us," was the general cry. "The Emperor must have been mad when he gave his consent to this marriage," one of his Majesty's most distinguished servants and loyal subjects declared at the time. "The fact is, since the Crown Prince's death, he has lost all faith in himself in dealing with such affairs; and when pressure is brought to bear on him, he has not the nerve to resist it."

That pressure was brought to bear on the Emperor there is no doubt; the only question is, by whom, as practically every statesman in the Empire was known to be opposed to the mar-

riage, and it is not probable that any disinterested member of the Imperial family regarded it with favor. There were people who maintained even then, rightly or wrongly, that the pressure-bearer was the Vatican; and that Sophie Chotek would never have been allowed to marry the future Emperor-King had it not been known in Rome that she was the Pope's *filia fidelissima*, and could be trusted to devote herself unreservedly to furthering the interests of the Church.

In political circles the feeling was strong that the Emperor, before consenting to the Archduke's marriage, ought to have insisted on his renouncing his claim to the throne. Instead of this, however, he merely insisted on his renouncing any claim he might ever have to allow his wife or children to rank as members of the Imperial family. A solemn ceremony was held in the Hofburg, in the presence of the Emperor and the chief official personages of the Church and State. Franz Ferdinand, standing before a crucifix, with two fingers of his right hand resting on a Bible, swore always to regard his marriage as a morganatic marriage, one on which no claim to a share in his rights as a member of the reigning house could ever be founded, either by his wife or any child she might bear him. He swore also, and with equal solemnity, never to annul this declaration, never to undertake anything that could in any way weaken or destroy its force. Three days later, on July 1st, 1900, the marriage took place, and the Emperor conferred on the bride the title of Princess Hohenberg.

In Vienna great comfort was derived from this renunciation ceremony, even though, within four months of its being held, cries of "She shall be Queen of Hungary" were raised in the Budapest Parliament, in spite of all M. Szell's efforts. Besides, the new Prin-

cess demeaned herself so modestly, and seemed so anxious to efface herself, that even politicians soon ceased to think her dangerous; while the rest of the world either forgot her existence, or decided that it was perhaps on the whole a good thing that the Archduke had married her, and thus secured himself against any further sowing of wild oats. Both he and she lived completely out of the world, and were popularly supposed to be so devoted to each other as to have no thought beyond each other in their heads.

Unfortunately this idyllic state of things did not last long. Before a year had passed the Archduke had taken a step which rendered both himself and his wife objects of such profound mistrust to a large section of society as to revive all the fears with which his marriage had at first been regarded. In April, 1901, he suddenly assumed, unasked, too, the patronage of the Katholischer Schuiverein, or Catholic School Union, a political association of the fighting order. This Verein is ultra-reactionary and ultra-Clerical; its very *raison d'être* is to put back the hands of time a century at least, and its doctrine is that when the interests of the State clash with those of the Church it is the State that must yield. It is violently anti-Magyar, as well as violently anti-Semitic; and in those days it was also anti-German, anti-Italian, too, determinedly opposed to the Triple Alliance. Thus the Archduke's joining it was very much as if the Prince of Wales had joined the White Rose League, Dr. Clifford's church — or the Mirfield Brotherhood — some Orangeman's Lodge, an anti-Japanese Society, and perhaps the Suffragettes' Federation, all on one and the same day. Then, to make matters worse, when certain members of the Verein went to thank his Imperial Highness for the honor he

had conferred on them, he delivered a strongly partisan speech, declaring it was his intention to be their patron in deed as well as in name, and placing all his energies at their disposal. He was in full sympathy with them in their fight against the Los von Rom movement, he assured them; and he ended his discourse by authorizing them to publish every word he had said. And the Crown Prince of Germany was in Vienna at the time, the guest of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

Publish it they did, of course, and promptly, with the result that there was a storm of indignant wrath on the one side and of wild jubilation on the other. In the Reichsrath attacks quite unparalleled in violence were made on the Archduke, and it was in vain that the Ministers strove to defend him. The *Wiener Tagblatt* accused him openly of having made the speech for the express purpose of exciting the Radicals to excesses, so as to afford a pretext for restoring absolutism; and even the *Neue Freie Presse* denounced his proceeding in gravely emphatic terms. The Clerical journals, of course, espoused his cause hotly: the *Vaterland*, indeed, hailed his speech as "a golden gleam of sunshine after long years of dark, dull, misty weather." Still, the more moderate members of the Clerical party were evidently none too well pleased at the turn the affair had taken. The Archduke's speech, although noble, was hardly opportune, they seemed to think; and there was a tendency among them to doubt whether the Vatican was well advised in sending to him the Pope's warm thanks for his courageous words.

For days men talked of nothing when they met but the Archduke's "blazing indiscretion." His declaration of sympathy with the Schuiverein was regarded by all parties as a political manifesto; and not only in Hun-

gary but in Austria, the feeling is strong against Archdukes meddling in politics. Attempts were made, of course, to explain away his words, to show that they were spoken in sheer heedlessness. It was quite impossible, it was argued, that the heir to the throne would have identified himself, had he realized what he was doing, with an association of which 99 out of every 100 Magyars, and the great mass of educated Austrians, including many even of the higher clergy, disapproved radically, owing to its narrow aggressiveness. Whether impossible or not, it was manifestly improbable that he would wittingly have thus offended all other parties, for the sake of gaining the goodwill of the extreme Clerical Party, unless indeed he had some very strong reason for so doing.

After the Verein episode, less even than usual was heard of the Archduke for a time. Early in 1902, however, he again went out of his way to render the extreme Clericals his debtors; for, when arranging a state visit he had to pay to Russia, he invited Count Johann Zichy, the chief of the Christian Socialist Party, to accompany him as the official representative of Hungary. This he did, although he knew, of course, that the Count was practically the leader of the Opposition, and that he had for years been waging war against the Liberal Government.

The Magyar Ministers rose up in their wrath and told the Archduke roundly that Count Zichy could not, and should not, go with him to St. Petersburg. He promptly replied that he had invited the Count to go, and that go the Count should. They appealed to the Emperor, who, with Count Goluchowski, tried vainly to make him listen to reason. Then Count Szechenyi, the Hungarian Minister in Vienna, took the matter in hand; and had, if all tales be true, an extremely unpleasant interview

with him, in the course of which he discovered, to his unbounded amazement, that his Imperial Highness knew everything worth knowing, down to the most minute detail, concerning the state of things in Hungary, and the trend of political opinion there.

In the end the Archduke had to yield, of course; still, so far was he from feeling himself beaten, that three months later he deliberately renewed the fight. When coming to England to represent the Emperor at King Edward's Coronation, he allowed it to be known that he wished to be accompanied not only by official representatives of Austria and Hungary, as is the custom on such occasions, but also by official representatives of Bohemia and Poland. The only meaning this could have, if it had any meaning at all, was that in his eyes Bohemia and Poland were on an equality with Hungary—practically that he was a Federalist, not a Dual-Monarchist, and wished to proclaim the fact. The Poles and Czechs were wild with delight, the Magyars wild with anger; and again there was a storm. The Archduke's third indiscretion was pronounced more blazing even than his first or his second, and also more incomprehensible. The only explanation of it that even the imaginative ventured to propound, at the time, was founded on the fact that Princess Hohenberg is a Czech, and that her father was a strong Federalist, the chosen friend of the late Count Hohenwart, the Federalist leader.

Since that time Franz Ferdinand has stood aloof from party warfare, but whether because Baron Beck, who is now his confidential political adviser, has convinced him of the impossibility of combining the *rôles* of partisan and heir to the crown, or because the work he had set himself to do is done, is a moot point. His third indiscretion has secured for him the

staunch support, if not the personal liking, of all the Federalists in the Empire, just as his first and second secured for him that of the Clericals. Thus, if he is really so heedless as it is the fashion in certain circles to depict him, he must be quite extraordinarily lucky, as he scores more by his heedlessness than other men score by taking thought. Perhaps this is why believers in the heedlessness theory have decreased so markedly in numbers of late, whereas they who scoff at it have increased and are still increasing. These latter maintain that the so-called indiscretions were in reality skilfully planned political *coupes*; and as a proof of their contention they point to the fact that the first of them was committed three months before Princess Hohenberg presented the Archduke with a daughter, and the third, four months before she presented him with a son.

According to their theory—for they, too, have a theory—the Archduke is a far-sighted, clear-headed diplomatist, who weighs well the pros and cons of what he does before he does it; and his wife is more far-sighted and clear-headed even than he is. When he threw in his lot with the Clericals by joining the Schulverein he did so deliberately, and not because they had "captured" him, but because he was bent on "capturing" them. Even then he knew, of course, that Universal Suffrage was inevitable, and that under Universal Suffrage the chances were the Clericals would be the dominant party in the State. He knew also that the ultra-Clericals—the Lueger-cum-Liechtenstein faction—wield more influence at the Vatican than all the other factions put together. He realized clearly, therefore, that the support of the Clericals, and especially the ultra-Clericals, was a *sine qua non* for any project that depended for its success on the consent of the

Reichsrath and the Vatican's favor. And as he had—and still has—such a project very near at heart, he chose to identify himself with them as a means of gaining for it their support; just as he chose later to identify himself with the Federalists as a means of gaining the support of the minor nationalities. As to what the project is, it must be remembered that, in a modern State, the dominant political party can, if it chooses, change the order of succession even in defiance of Imperial family conventions; and also that the Vatican has the power to unmake vows made and render renunciations of no effect. The theory is based on the assumption that the Archduke is determined when Emperor to install his wife by his side as Empress, and to secure the recognition of his eldest son as Crown Prince, to the exclusion of the late Archduke Otto's son. Already in the Archducal Palace, Princess Hohenberg is addressed as Royal and Imperial Highness, it seems; and more than once it has been rumored that the Pope wished to send to her the Golden Rose.

This theory seems somewhat farrageted, it must be confessed; and the assumption on which it is founded may be the merest conjecture. Still, if it were true, it would certainly explain much that otherwise appears inexplicable in certain of the Archduke's proceedings—not only in his indiscretions, but in his secret journeys to Rome. Whether true or not, however, one thing is sure: if Franz Ferdinand has really set his heart on transforming his morganatic wife, when he becomes Emperor, into his Imperial consort, and her son into the heir to the Crown, there is nothing to prevent his doing so. Universal Suffrage is now in force, and the Clericals are the dominant party in the State. The Lueger-cum-Liechtenstein faction alone hold 96 seats in the new Reichs-

rath, and all the Catholic Parties together, nearly 300. With their support, therefore, and that of the Federalists in the Higher House, he could actually make any change he chose in the order of succession, especially as the Social Democrats, who in the Reichsrath rank next in strength to the Clericals, could hardly espouse the cause of a Habsburg family convention. In Hungary there would be no change to be made, as there the Archduke's marriage has always been binding, a fact that perhaps accounts for the scant consideration with which he treats the Magyars. The only difficulty would be that renunciation vow which he made three days before he was married; and that the Vatican may safely be relied upon to unmake when the right time comes.

It would be well, perhaps, on the whole, not only for Austria and Hungary, but for Europe, that the Arch-

The Fortnightly Review.

duke should have his way, if this be his way. There would certainly be more chance that he would, as Emperor-King, rule prudently and try to live on good terms with his subjects, if he were holding his crowns in trust for his son, whom he idolizes, than if holding them in trust for that son's rival. There would certainly be more chance, too, that Princess Hohenberg would use her influence wisely and patriotically, if she were her husband's consort, than if merely his morganatic wife. As Empress-Queen she would have the welfare of the whole Empire at heart, if only for her children's sake; and she might, being an extremely clever woman, do much good by popularizing the dynasty and bringing it into touch with the people. She might even prove that Austria's old device, "*Felix Nube*," is as true today as it was a thousand years ago.

Edith Sellers.

THE RACE FOR THE POLES.

A few days after receiving a request from the Editor of *The London Magazine** to write an article upon the Race to the Poles, news was received that Commander Peary had reluctantly been compelled to postpone his expedition until next year. There are nearly a dozen expeditions of various nationalities now engaged upon a lengthened campaign in the frozen realms of darkness and silence; but of those on the point of departure the postponement of Peary's expedition left Lieutenant Ernest Shackleton (British), Mr. Walter Wellman and Mr. Frederick Cook (American), still in the field.

I completed my article only to learn that Mr. Wellman had made a last desperate attempt, on September 2nd, to reach the North Pole this year, in

the airship "America," and had been driven back by a violent snowstorm.

But the descriptions I am able to give of the Wellman and the Peary expeditions, from personal acquaintance with the leaders, will not be rendered out of date, for the reason that in both cases the equipment of the expeditions was as near perfect as human ingenuity could make them, and the postponement was simply due to the advent of the winter season. The starts next year will be made under conditions similar to those I am able to describe.

Mr. Wellman is no stranger to the Arctic regions, for in 1894 he led an expedition to the north-eastern shores of Spitzbergen, reaching latitude 81°; and in 1898 a second expedition, under

his leadership, again went to Franz Josef Land, en route for the Pole, but an unfortunate accident at an early stage of the journey compelled a retreat.

Having made two futile attempts to reach the Polar citadel by the old method of dog-sleds, Mr. Wellman resolved to try the power of the aero-stat. Last year the "America" could not be started upon her hazardous voyage because of serious defects in her machinery. And it seems like an irony of fate that on that occasion a strong southerly wind should have blown with solid persistency nearly throughout the months of July and August. May the same happy climatic conditions prevail when Mr. Wellman makes his attempt next year!

In shape and color the "America" resembles a cigar, its height, from the bottom of the car to the summit of the balloon, being 65ft., and its weight, all told, nearly ten tons! The outer surface of the balloon is quite smooth, there being no cord or wire-netting to hold moisture, snow, or frost. It has hitherto been found impossible to construct an absolutely gastight reservoir, but the Wellman airship, with its three layers of silk and cotton and triple coating of rubber, will come as near perfection in this respect as possible. For instance, the loss by leakage should not exceed 1 per cent. in the twenty-four hours, whereas in the spherical balloon used by Andrée it was nearly 3 per cent. daily. And it will certainly need every available atom of lifting power to sustain a huge car, a heavy motor, two screws or propellers, a steel boat, motor-sleds, five men and their provisions, twelve dogs and their rations for seventy-five days, instruments, tools, repairing plant, and, of course, a large supply of petrol.

The car of the "America" is of steel tubing, 115ft. long by 8ft. broad, and

10ft. high, and is suspended just under the balloon, which is almost within reach of it. The keel of the airship is a steel tank, 18in. in diameter, which runs under the car, and practically forms the deck of the ship. This tank serves a double purpose by containing 1,200gals. of petrol, and giving stability to the structure, while it is provided with fourteen compartments, so that the contents may be pumped out at any time or from any section, and so trim the ship. Another ingenious contrivance to maintain balance is a case containing 600lb. of food, which can be shifted to and fro on a miniature railway suspended from the top of the car. The living quarters are enclosed with tightly stretched silk, and are in bunk-like spaces to accommodate the crew, twelve dogs, provisions, and equipment.

The propellers consist of two blades of steel, 11ft. in diameter, which are placed, like wings, on either side of the centre of the vessel, twin screws being preferable to a single one at the prow or stern, which is apt to produce a twisting motion and strain the car. A little forward of midships is a "Lorraine Dietrich" motor, of 50-horse-power, and having a weight of 750lb., while at the stern is an enormous rudder, 900ft. square, which, however, weighs only 30lb. The "America" will remain in touch with the earth by means of a guide-rope, or, rather, a leather tube 15in. in diameter and weighing about 1,400lb. This "serpent," as it is called, which will be stuffed full of reserve food, is covered with tiny steel scales to protect the leather while it trails over land, ice, or sea, for the tube is buoyant. The food is tightly packed into small compartments, so that if the contents of one should become injured the rest will remain intact. The object of the "serpent" is not to lessen

speed, but to keep the airship from rising to a considerable height, when a sudden change of temperature might cause a disaster.

Mr. Wellman is my personal friend; and I have therefore been able to glean from him information which might not have been imparted to a comparative stranger. The greatest obstacle to his project has always seemed to me to be the furious gales liable to spring up at any season in the North Polar regions, and of which I retain a vivid recollection during my land journey from Paris to New York. This was accomplished in winter time, it is true, but old whalers have told me that it can blow just as hard, though perhaps not so frequently, during the summer in the Polar Sea. Those who have never experienced an Arctic gale can form no conception of its ungovernable fury; and, picturing him at the mercy of such a storm, I asked my friend how he proposed to maintain his course in such a fragile fabric of silk, steel, and gas.

"A very natural question," replied Wellman, adding, with a laugh, "and one which has caused me many sleepless nights. But M. Godard, the constructor of our ship, in whom I have every confidence, estimates that under normal conditions, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour, we shall be able to cope with four-fifths of the winds that blow over the Arctic Ocean in July and August. In gales, of course, it will be another matter; and when these are against us we shall stop the motor, and throw out upon the ice what we call a 'retarder,' or dragging anchor, not, of course, a fixed one. But by using a gliding and not a fixed anchor we shall, I hope, keep the strain upon the car well within limits. Unlike the 'serpent,' which, with its smooth scales, will always be trailing, the 'retarder' will only be lowered when necessary, and is there-

fore covered with sharp points of steel to afford a firmer hold. With the latter as a drag we reckon that, with a head-wind of, say, twelve miles an hour, we shall only drift about half a mile in that time, and even with a gale of thirty miles an hour only lose about eighteen miles. When not in use, the 'retarder' will be suspended from a windlass in the prow of the ship."

"And how long will the journey take?" I asked.

"Well, there you set me a tough problem," was the reply. "With a *very* fair wind I think we might reach the Pole—about 570 miles from our base—in two days; against a head-wind, say, of ten miles an hour, it would take much longer, and so on to a strong adverse gale, which would prevent our arriving there at all! I think with average luck, and allowing for head-winds of variable force, we should reach our destination in ten days to a fortnight—if all goes well!"

As the reader may imagine, there is little time for meals or sleep on an aerial trip into the unknown, every moment of which spells danger. "Three men will be constantly on duty," said Wellman, "while the fourth one takes rest. But there will not be much time for that, for in addition to attending to navigation and the motor we must incessantly watch the statoscope to know whether we are rising or falling; keep a sharp eye on the manometers, which register the pressure of gas; and pump petrol, now from one tank, now from another, to trim the ship. Every fifteen minutes the log must be written up, and wireless telegraphy maintained as long as possible with our base. We must also be careful, in foggy weather, to avoid sudden contact with the earth, and so perhaps smash the car. To guard against this we shall lower a steel bottle containing mercury at the

end of a long line; and the moment this touches ground it will tilt, the mercury in the bottle will make contact, and ring a bell in the car to warn us of danger. So there will not be much time for cooking. But we have plenty of cold provisions and wine, and shall not do badly. Our living-room is fitted with comfortable bunks, and the dogs also have snug quarters.

An amusing anecdote is told of poor Andréé, who, although generally of a serious turn of mind, had a keen sense of humor. The day before his last fatal voyage he was asked by a garrulous French lady how he would be able to tell when the Pole was actually reached.

"Very simple, madame," was the reply. "The north wind will become a south one!"

From Wellman I obtained a more serious explanation of the same problem, which, as the question has been often asked, may interest the reader.

"We shall know just as the sailor knows his position at sea," said he—"by observation of the sun for its latitude and longitude. That is the only way. Our difficulty will be to reach the Pole, not to know when we are there."

So much for Mr. Wellman's venture which I sincerely hope may meet with the brilliant success it undoubtedly merits. "Should we reach our goal," he said, "and find ourselves short of petrol, we can keep in the air by gradually throwing out all the heavy stuff, and drift with the wind for several days, let us hope, towards safety. Or, if this does not answer, we have the Siberian dogs and sleds, in which we could perhaps make the coast of Greenland or Spitzbergen. Or, again, with our abundant food supply, we might defer the sled journey home-wards until the next spring, and hibernate in a hut made of the airship material. But of course all these

plans would be impracticable in the event of our finding open sea; and even then we have our steel boat to fall back upon. Anyway, when the Pole has been reached, we shall become opportunists, and make the best of our way to land—Siberia, I hope, for, next to Greenland and Spitzbergen, it will be the nearest." Should this be the case, I trust that a rough chart which I was able to make of the desolate coast between Behring Straits and the Kolyma River, and which I presented to the aeronaut, may prove of some use to him.

"No one realizes more than I do," said Mr. Wellman, in conclusion, "the great difficulty of the task before us; but the promise, I think, is good enough to warrant our effort, and it will be no disgrace if we fail." In a letter from Mr. Wellman a proposal was made that I should accompany the airship expedition as far as Spitzbergen on behalf of a great London daily.

The American nation may well feel proud of another, the greatest of living Arctic explorers, and one who has far outstripped all other competitors in the race for the North Pole. Since the latter was first besieged, in 1498, by Sebastian Cabot, to the days of Nansen and Nares, no braver or more resolute leader has ever grappled with the eternal problem than Robert Edwin Peary. For on April 21st, 1906, he stood alone with half a dozen Eskimos in $87^{\circ} 6'$ north latitude, or actually within 200 miles of the coveted goal—a trifling distance in civilization, but a very different matter when the covering of every yard of ground, or rather ice, means acute mental and physical suffering. Nevertheless, Peary's last attempt has beaten the Duke of the Abruzzi's record by nearly fifty miles; and, but for his ill-luck, the former would probably have accomplished his purpose and solved the mystery of the world.

Few can recall this explorer's magnificent record without a feeling of genuine admiration, tinged, perhaps, with a slight regret, that this gallant American was not born in the Old Country. For during twenty years the man's life has been one long struggle against the forces of Nature, which, over and over again, have hurled him back into civilization, a mental and physical wreck, and yet ever eager to resume, on the earliest opportunity, the unequal contest.

Commander (then Lieutenant) Peary's first expedition to Greenland took place in 1886, when he travelled nearly a hundred miles across the inland ice by a route much farther north than that covered by Dr. Nansen. Five years later he again sailed in the "Kite" for Greenland, and landed at McCormick Inlet, with the intention of crossing over the inland ice from one coast to another; and the fact that he broke both ankles shortly after the start would have deterred most men from attempting this hazardous feat—at any rate, for some time after. But Peary has never learnt the meaning of the word "defeat"; and although compelled to postpone the journey for some months, he insisted upon wintering in the north, and the following spring began his famous march of 500 miles across Greenland. This was eventually accomplished, but after such terrible privations that, although a large party started out, only the leader and one companion came through the ordeal, safe but very far from sound. Numerous expeditions followed, for Peary now found no difficulty in financing his enterprises, which, since that period, have steadily brought him, year by year, a few miles nearer the one great aim and object of his life.

Indeed, those who should know—not only in America, but England—say that, had it not been for open

water, Peary would have conquered the Pole last year, and would now be resting on his laurels.

I should explain that open water consists of channels, or "leads," as they are called, which form the most effective barrier to a northward advance, another being the constantly revolving pack, which effectually prevents the establishment of food-stations. Many people imagine that a Polar quest consists of steady plodding over icefields, whereas sled-parties are constantly being carried out of their course or brought to a standstill by a "lead," sometimes narrow, but often impassable, which must be circumvented by slow and painful marches over towering bergs and yawning crevasses. Occasionally, the "lead" stretches away on either side to the far horizon; and this was so in Peary's case, when, on the 26th March, 1906, his progress was checked by a channel of unknown length, about three miles in width. The party had left their base at Cape Sheridan twenty days earlier, and had advanced at the rate of three miles an hour, good going over sea-ice, the difficult nature of which must be experienced to be realized. But plenty of musk oxen and condensed food had up till now sustained the strength and spirits of the Eskimos, although their leader was suffering agonies from his feet, which on a previous occasion had been so badly frozen as to necessitate partial amputation.

An anxious week passed away before the ice was sufficiently strong to enable the party to cross and resume their struggle against overwhelming odds. What Peary suffered on this occasion will never be known, for his maimed and frostbitten extremities caused him continual pain; and while mental anxiety was increased by hunger, frequent blizzards intensified the ferocious cold. And day by day, hour

by hour, provisions dwindled and dogs grew weaker, until the Eskimos mutinied, and even their leader realized that a further advance must mean death. With reluctance, therefore, the explorer turned southward, somewhat consoled by the fact that he had left an American flag in latitude $87^{\circ} 6'$, the farthest north ever attained by a human being.

Then came the now famous march back to Grant Land, which was even more perilous than the northward one. At one time it seemed as though the party was doomed to destruction, for their old enemy the big "lead" had once more to be crossed by a narrow bridge of young ice which Providence seemed to have placed there for this special purpose, only to shatter the frail structure as soon as the last man had passed over it. Moreover, the ice was rapidly breaking up, and for some days the party drifted helplessly about on a glacial island. When provisions gave out, the dogs were utilized for food; and when these had been eaten, skin boots were chewed to keep body and soul together. Peary himself was beginning to despair, when the welcome sight of land renewed his hopes; and he and his followers, now mere shadows of men, crawled ashore, only just in time, on the northern coast of Greenland. And even here a delay in finding game might have proved fatal; but a couple of hares were sighted soon after landing, quickly shot, and devoured raw! Shortly after this, a herd of musk oxen were seen; and one of these furnished a copious meal, and removed all danger of starvation. The party then proceeded along the coast with less difficulty, slowly regaining health and strength, until the "Roosevelt" was safely boarded. Thus, for the third time in his life, and almost by a miracle, was Peary snatched from the jaws of death.

Unlike many explorers, Commander Peary's indomitable courage and tenacity of purpose are only equalled by his modesty and impenetrable reserve. This fact I greatly deplore, for, although I have the honor of his acquaintance, I could gather nothing from the Commander as to his forthcoming dash for the Pole, which has now been unavoidably postponed until the summer of 1908. But it is safe to say that the attempt will be framed upon the experience gained the last time, and that the first portion of the route will be practically the same, viz., through Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel, to the extreme north of Grant Land, where the discovery of large herds of musk oxen so materially assisted Peary on his former expedition. One of the greatest stumbling-blocks to Polar expeditions has always been scarcity of food; and the removal of this difficulty by the existence of a natural larder must greatly facilitate matters. When the "Roosevelt," therefore, goes into winter quarters next year, the killing and storing of musk oxen will be the most important duty of her crew. On the last occasion, 150 of these animals were killed and preserved, also reindeer, hares, and fish from Lake Hazen, the advantage of which latter as a food supply in these hungry regions cannot be overestimated. Indeed, Grant Land would seem to be an oasis of plenty in the circumpolar waste, and should therefore form an idyllic base of operations.

On his next journey, when the final dash is made, Peary will, as usual, take only Eskimos as companions. His failure on the last occasion was partly caused by the poisoning of some eighty dogs by tainted whale-meat—a piece of ill-luck, or carelessness, which is not likely to occur again. And whatever betides this great explorer upon the next occasion, all will agree that he richly deserves to meet with

success, if only by reason of the pluck and energy which have enabled him to set out—at the age of fifty-two—on a journey replete with suffering, and from which he may never return. But this remarkable man has even now the strength and vitality of a lad of twenty; and were I compelled to stake my existence upon the ultimate success of any expedition now setting out for either of the Poles, I would certainly entrust my life to the keeping of Commander Robert Peary.

It is only of late years that the South Pole has attracted much attention, partly, perhaps, because the latter is so far away from England. And yet the interest attached to the Antarctic should be fully as great as that centred around the North Pole, if only from the fact that the former is surrounded by a continent nearly as large as Europe, and, until recently, absolutely unexplored. Moreover, traces of mineral wealth have been found there, and forthcoming researches may yield other than solely geographical results. The brilliant discoveries of Captain Scott are now a matter of history; and it is to be hoped that his former second in command, Lieutenant Ernest Shackleton, may prove even more successful than his late chief.

"I don't say that we shall actually reach the South Pole," said the former as I bade him farewell a few days ago on board the "Nimrod," a small Newfoundland sealing-steamer, but admirably adapted for the work in hand. "Anyhow, we mean to try!" These are modest words for a man who, in 1902, reached the farthest latitude ever attained in the southern hemisphere; and yet, for all his modesty, I could detect the speaker's firm conviction that of the three nations, England, France, and Belgium, now racing for the South Pole, the former would win!

Lieutenant Shackleton will be away

about two years, but will not leave New Zealand for the Antarctic until early in 1908, his experiences with the "Discovery" having proved that the pack ice is not dispersed until the end of January. King Edward VII. Land should be reached early in February, and here the "Nimrod" will land a party of twelve men—including the leader—out of her complement of thirty-three, and return to make a magnetic survey of the great trade routes of the southern world.

Nor will the ship be missed, so far as comfort goes, for a roomy and well-furnished hut, taken out in sections, the most varied and palatable provisions ever yet supplied to a Polar expedition, and an abundance of literature should make life very tolerable during the winter months. One hundred and fifty tons of stores, exclusive of salt meat, will be landed on the ice; and so carefully has the commissariat been organized that there is, in addition to a liberal diet, sufficient dried albumen and yolk of egg to give each man two eggs every day for two years, while an unlimited supply of fruit and vegetables, which, by a new process, retain their freshness, will ward off that arch enemy—scurvy. The winter will be devoted to scientific researches of various kinds, and in the early spring a line of depots will be established to within five hundred miles of the Pole. This is a wise precaution when we consider that Scott travelled for eighty-four days on end from the deck of the "Discovery," and that Shackleton will have to journey twice as far to reach the Pole. When the final attempt is made, the main party will consist of three members, including the leader. A second party of three will explore the coast of King Edward VII. Land, and a third of the same number will explore Alexandra Land, leaving three men at their base. Thus, even if the main object of the

expedition is not attained, the voyage will, in any case, add largely to our geographical knowledge of the South Polar World.

Dogs will be used on the two minor expeditions, but Shackleton's party will take ponies, the Siberian pony, which my own experience proves to be the hardiest in the world, for he can live in the open, with little food and no shelter, throughout the rigorous winter of his native land. These will, however, be only used in reserve, for the main party will at first rely upon a motor-car; and I am bound to say that when I read of this innovation in Polar work, and recalled my own troubles on sea-ice, I was at first inclined to regard it as a joke, either on the part of the explorer or some facetious journalist. But I had yet to learn that ice in the Antarctic differs as completely from that of the Arctic Ocean as the smooth surface of a frozen Serpentine from the miniature mountains of the "Mer de Glace." A motor may, therefore, in the former case, prove very useful for traction purposes, the chief difficulty being the depth and softness of the snow, to obviate which three different sets of wheels will be used.

At present, however, the motor-car is regarded more as an experiment than a certain means of progress; and should it break down the ponies will replace it. The advantage of the latter over dogs for sledging purposes is obvious, for they can easily draw a load under which a dog-team will lie down. The ponies will be fed on compressed hay, and a special preparation composed of beef, carrots, and milk; and as these wiry little beasts will, on occasion, cheerfully subsist on wood shavings, they, at any rate, will be in clover.

In case of disaster, and in addition to other provisions, every sled will carry an airtight case, only a few

inches in diameter, but containing sufficient nutriment to keep three men alive for one month. Probably for the first time in the history of Arctic or Antarctic exploration, furs will be discarded in favor of pure woollen suits. It is said that his Majesty the King, while recently inspecting the "Nimrod" at Cowes, expressed some doubt as to the sufficient warmth of these garments. Personally, I should strongly object to facing a temperature (which I once experienced) of 78 degrees below zero in anything lighter than deerskins; but here again I am told that a woollen costume is more suitable to the climatic conditions of the extreme South. "Burberry" will be worn as an outer covering, and I know of no better protection against wind and driving snow. The "Nimrod" carries no appliance for wireless telegraphy, but carrier pigeons will be taken to maintain communication, if possible, with New Zealand, about 1,800 miles distant.

Should the ship not return at the appointed time (February, 1909), the exploring party will be able to shift for themselves, being provided with a stoutly built lifeboat, fitted with a motor-engine, and capable of carrying provisions for twelve men for two and a half months. If, however, the "Nimrod" picks up the party early in 1908, she will make for the Balleny Islands, off the northern extremity of Victoria Land, and devote the rest of the summer to a westerly cruise along the coast as far as Kemp and Enderby Lands. At the close of the season she will sail homewards across the Indian, Pacific, and Atlantic Oceans to England, where, whatever be the result of his labors, a hearty British welcome will assuredly be awaiting her gallant commander and his brave companions.

An American candidate for South Pole honors is Dr. F. A. Cook, of New

York, who has already had some experience of the Antarctic, having formed part of the recent Belgian expedition, and published an account of his adventures in a work entitled "Through the First Antarctic Night." Dr. Cook has definitely settled to sail from an Australian port, and establish a base at the old winter quarters of the "Discovery."

The Doctor, like Lieutenant Shackleton, is a firm believer in the motor-car, and (to quote his own words): "The conditions of travel in the Northern and Southern Polar areas are as different as black and white; and I should certainly regard as a lunatic any one who suggested the motor as a means of travel in the Far North. But in the South everything is different, for there a ship can penetrate to 77° 30' without great risk; and I am of opinion that the way to the South Pole lies over fairly smooth land-ice, where stations could be easily established, and, above all, found again. In the Arctic you leave a cache at a certain spot one day, and return a week later, to find that it has been carried away by the incessant ice-drift. But this does not exist in the South, which fact renders a southern advance comparatively easy, although the hardships involved are fully as great as in the Arctic.

"The best route to the South Pole is probably the one taken by the 'Discovery' people—viz., that leading directly from a point south of New Zealand. Here the Polar regions may be entered by the greatest glacier in the world, the outlet of which is several hundreds of miles in width, and which I reckon to be an offshoot of the stupendous masses of ice surrounding the Antarctic centre.

"Assuming, therefore, that this glacial roadway leads to the latter, we can calculate, with a certain degree of confidence, the most favorable way

of accomplishing the journey. The ice we must traverse is comparatively easy, and, although covered with snow of various depths, has no troublesome obstacles as in the North. The cold is no doubt terrific. In summer the normal temperature is several degrees below freezing-point, and the thermometer in winter indicates that this is the coldest spot on earth. Strong winds blow for prolonged periods, and the snowfall is at all seasons considerable. On the other hand, the season for travelling is much longer than in the Arctic, because there is no risk whatever from a sudden break-up of the ice.

"The South Pole is open to several modes of attack, and is an attractive field for the many freak machines which have been devised to simplify Arctic travel. Personally, I have no faith in any invention which has not been thoroughly tried out. A machine which does not work in New York will do no better in the frigid zones, and one which will succeed in that city will probably fall over ice. There is little hope for balloons, chiefly because the summer temperatures at the needed altitude are too low, and the winds down south are generally opposed to a Poleward drift. I feel confident, however, that the automobile can be made to do good work, and that the South Polar basin offers exceptional facilities for ice travel by motor.

"Briefly, my plan is to land eight men with a motor, specially designed sleds, seventy-five good Eskimo dogs and food for two years. The ship which lands them will return to Australia to winter, and during the following summer go back to a spot agreed upon to re-embark the explorers. The latter will have a busy time preparing for the coming winter, but some, on landing, will immediately push on, to establish food and fuel stations.

The high westerly range of mountains, with its sharp peaks, will render it feasible to fix the stations by proper observations, so that they can readily be found when wanted. Before the coming of winter supplies for the next season's campaign should have been advanced at least two hundred miles from the starting base. Motor, dogs, and sleds will be sent rapidly forward from the southernmost base, gradually establishing stations to the southward, while a party of three strong and experienced men leave them, and push on to the Pole. If for any reason the task cannot be accomplished the first season, it can surely be done the following year, for it is only a matter of will and physical capacity. The moving pack-ice, the open water, barriers of hummocks, and impossibility of establishing stations, which have caused so many disastrous failures in the Arctic, are not operative in the South Polar regions.

"My automobile will be a combination of boat and car," added the Doctor, "capable of travelling on ice, land, or water, at a speed of ten miles an hour. It will be of twenty-four horsepower. I expect to reach within 750 miles of the Pole by steamer, and am confident that my specially designed

The London Magazine.

motor-car—the details of which I cannot now disclose—will do the rest and solve the problem of rapid ice travel."

So much for Dr. Cook's project, which, however, has not yet taken practical shape, although we may reasonably expect that two of the expeditions mentioned in this article will render a good account of themselves. They are by far the most costly Polar ventures which have ever been undertaken. Nothing has been left to chance. On the contrary, the whole range of past experiences has been taken into account in completing the equipment; while the courageous daring of the leaders of the several exploits will rank with the most memorable in Polar history.

Messrs. Shackleton and Peary stand a great chance of success—far greater, indeed, than their most recent predecessors. And should each leader accomplish his herculean task, Great Britain will assuredly not grudge the divided honors. For the bond of union between England and America should only be strengthened by the fact that the Union Jack has at last been planted at the South Pole, and the Stars and Stripes are waving over the Northern apex of the world.

Harry de Windt.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXII.

HAPPINESS ROAD.

Barabel leaned back in a great easy-chair with a sigh of pleasure. "How nice and pretty and comfortable and luxurious everything is, Sally, my dear," she remarked. The two ladies were alone in Mrs. Somerville's drawing-room. It really was a very pretty room, and now in the half-dusk, with the firelight playing over its dainty furnishings, it looked a picture of

beauty and comfort. Sally regarded her friend thoughtfully.

"You used to despise luxuries, Barabel. Do you remember our discussions at school long ago?"

"Well, I don't despise them now," said Barabel, laughing. "I like them. I think I'm tired of being a Spartan. I feel like the old woman in the rhyme. I'd like to do nothing for ever and ever—nothing useful, I mean: nothing but ride, ride, ride, as we did to-day."

Her eyes sparkled, and Sally, look-

ing at her glowing face against the dark velvet of the chair, thought it had gained rather than lost in charm.

"I am glad you enjoyed the ride," she said; "I think Richard enjoyed it too."

"Sally," said Barabel, taking no notice of the interruption, "how dreadfully tame and contented we women get to be. We all do the same sort of things every day always. When I came home from school I remember I thought there was almost nothing I could not do. I thought the world was not big enough for me, and now—now it is like going up and down, up and down every day in the same field, and though there is no wall to it, one cannot get out."

"What do you want to do, Barabel?" asked Sally.

"I don't know," answered the girl, stretching her arms above her head. "To get my spirit free, I think."

Her friend was silent for a little. "You want a wider life, Barabel," she said then. "Richard has been telling you about his travels. You want to get away from Boronach."

The girl's serious mood changed. "That wouldn't make any difference, Sally, my dear," she said, smiling. "I was always a rebel, you know. Once I wrote to my father and asked if I might go to see him in New York, but he said he was coming home soon, and it was not worth while. And I couldn't leave William and Eppie, either. The old darlings, they have been so good to me."

"You will have to leave them when you get married," said Sally.

Barabel laughed. "I am not married yet," she remarked serenely. "One shouldn't meet trouble half-way, Sally."

Mrs. Somerville said no more for a little, but looked into the fire meditatively and thought of her cousin Dick Wynne and of what he had said to her the night before. He had been

Barabel's companion on the ride she had so much enjoyed that afternoon, and it was not altogether by accident that his visit to his cousin coincided with Miss Grant's. Often during his extensive travels over three continents Mr. Wynne had looked back with something more than pleasure on those rides along the Devonshire lanes in which Barabel had shared. He had never met any girl he admired so much, and sometimes when he got tired of knocking about the world and thought of settling down to his duties as a landlord in the old country, he remembered somewhat ruefully his mother's matrimonial projects on his behalf. "What snobs we all are!" he would say to himself as he smoked the pipe of meditation. Then when he did come home at last, and a letter from Sally told him of Barabel's expected visit, he arranged his plans accordingly, and after a very few days in Edinburgh made up his mind once and for all.

"Do you think I have a chance, Sally?" he said to his cousin, who had already guessed what was happening. Mrs. Somerville glanced with cousinly admiration at Mr. Wynne's stalwart figure and handsome kindly face.

"I am sure you have, Dick. There is no one else,—at least, she has never told me of any one; only, Dick, you must remember, she is very proud, and she has ideas about her own people, as she calls them."

Mr. Richard nodded. He had been pacing restlessly about the room. "I wonder what sort of a life she's had all these years," he burst out.

Sally had given him an account of Boronach, and of the visit the Archdeacon had paid to it, and of all she could see and guess of Barabel's life in it, and of how her father was still in America and no one knew very much about him.

"What will Aunt Caroline say?" she added with some hesitation.

Mr. Wynne frowned. "If my people don't like the society of my wife," said he, "they must do without mine—that's all." He came and sat by his cousin. "You'll be my friend anyhow, Sally," said he. He stared into the fire. "I should like," he said in his simple, honest way, "to give her a good time. I should like to give her the very best time I know how."

Sally was thinking of all this as she sat looking into the fire; and reflecting on Barabel's glowing enjoyment of her ride, and of her little outbreak of restlessness, she thought again that Richard Ard Wynne had a good chance.

"Barabel," she said presently, "I have always meant to ask you, do you know a Mr. Stewart who belongs to your neighborhood somewhere?—Mr. Colin Stewart his name is: he wrote some articles in the '—— Magazine' on the Housing of the Poor, and he is the most extraordinary speaker I ever heard. He made a wonderful speech at a meeting in the Music Hall the week before you came."

"Yes," said Barabel slowly, "I used to know him. He belongs to Boronach. I have not seen him for years and years."

"I met him at Miss Mariamme West's," said Sally. "Do you remember Daisy West, Barabel,—that very pretty girl who came to Miss Willard's the term I left? She is a niece of Miss Mariamme's—the loveliest old lady you ever saw,—Miss Mariamme, I mean. Mr. Stewart is some sort of connection of theirs, I think. He is not well off, though, and he is assisting one of the professors at the University."

Barabel looked steadily into the fire. "I did not know he had any relations," she said. "What does he make speeches about, Sally?"

"The poor," said Mrs. Somerville

vaguely. "You know that famous German, Barabel—Dr. Johann Eberwald? He gave a set of lectures here last winter, and he mentioned these articles on the Housing of the Poor by this Mr. Stewart, and there was a great talk about them. They were published in book form not long ago. I have a copy somewhere, I think. There was a great *furore* over the German,—you know how people go mad about things, dear, though I don't think they do it so much in Scotland as we do; and there was a new society started for looking after the slums, and then your friend from Boronach—how funny you should know him, Barabel—made the most wonderful speeches for a young man: every one is talking about them just now, and about him. Did you know him well, dear? Would you like me to ask him to dinner?"

Barabel moved her chair a little farther from the fire. She seemed to see a spent, weary lad, splashed with mud, who half-sobbed out his love for her, and then plunged down a braeside among the birch bushes, as if he did not care what became of him, and then again in a flash that last sight of him that had hurt her even more.

"I have not seen him for years," she answered evasively. "I would rather not have anybody to dinner, Sally."

"Who is he?" Mrs. Somerville asked. "He interested me. I think my father would like him. I think I never met any one who was such a mixture of courtesy and—*gaucherie*. Of course one can see he is a gentleman," she added quickly.

"His grandfather," said Barabel, "was the proprietor of Boronach. He gambled, and went through everything. He married a shepherd's daughter, and the family came to be very poor."

Sally thought that a romantic story, and would have asked more about it

had not Mr. Richard Wynne and her husband come in just then with new topics of conversation.

It was not until the very end of her visit that Barabel came across her old friend. Colin, however, had seen her one day riding with Mr. Richard Wynne, and his heart was consequently as hard as Pharaoh's. They met on the garden side of Princes Street, with more apparent composure on Barabel's part than on Colin's. He took refuge in inquiries for his friends in Boronach,—William and Eppele, and Mr. Rory. In the paucity of his ideas he might have asked for each separate individual in the country-side, had not Barabel lost patience. "Every one is quite well," she assured him, "except the weaver's brother, and he's dead."

She looked at him with sparkling eyes, noting every change in him. "Colin," she said, "I am so glad to see you again. Do you know, I was afraid I should have to go away from Edinburgh without seeing you, and I am going back the day after to-morrow. Will you come through the gardens with me now, and tell me everything that has happened to you?"

"I am sorry," said Colin formally, "I am not my own master now. Professor Jones is ill, and I am just hurrying to the University to take his class."

The girl looked disappointed. "This afternoon, then, Colin? Can you come to tea with us? I am staying with Mrs. Harry Somerville, in Heriot Row."

The easy friendliness of her tones in some unaccountable way stirred the young man's wrath. He grew a shade paler. "It is very kind of you," he said, "but I really cannot. If I had known you were in town, of course I should have liked to—to have heard about Boronach."

Oh, all young men and maidens, be-

ware of jealousy and wrath and all uncharitableness! Barabel smiled.

"And to-morrow I am going to ride with Mrs. Somerville's brother," she said. "What a pity we have so many engagements. Good-bye, Colin. I am so glad to have seen you."

She went on her way, walking quickly, and Colin turned and looked after her with something like a groan, and realizing swiftly that under some circumstances six years and six months come to very much the same thing.

Barabel was angry. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright; her mood was that of the philosopher who, while indifferent as to his enemies, desired to be preserved from his friends. She had not gone far when she was stopped by a very small messenger carrying a disproportionately large box.

"Please, miss," she said in a despondent voice, "can you tell me where Happiness Road is?"

Barabel looked down at her with a little start. "What did you say, dear?" she inquired.

"Happiness Road," said the child wearily. "I've been looking for it since ten o'clock. They said it was out Dalry way."

Barabel laughed softly. "How funny!" she said, looking with interest at the message-girl. "I rather think I want to go there myself. I should like to help you to find it." Her eyes were dancing. "Are you sure you haven't made a mistake, dear? It doesn't sound like the sort of place to be out at Dalry."

The little girl shook her head. "That was it," she insisted,—"Happiness Road, somewhere out Dalry way; but maybe that was wrong. I asked a lot o' folks. I'm that tired I could drop."

The child looked quite done out. Barabel took the box out of her hands. It was really very heavy.

"You poor little mite!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I don't wonder you are tired."

She looked at her watch and hailed a cab. "Do you know where Happiness Road is?" she asked the man.

He shook his head. "Happiness Road," he repeated doubtfully. "No, miss, I can't say I do."

"Will you please find out?" said the young lady imperiously, stepping into the vehicle and esconcing the bewildered message-girl and the box on the seat opposite to her. She regarded the cabman gravely over her muff. "We want to go there," she said. "We don't know where it is, but we think it's out towards Dalry somewhere. Just drive about till you find it."

The cabman looked puzzled, and scratched his head thoughtfully. "I don't believe there's such a place," he muttered to himself; and then murmuring something about new building, he climbed to his seat, tucked his waterproof about him, and, after hailing one or two brother cabbies, gathered up his reins and set out upon the search.

Barabel laughed with some enjoyment. "I shall be very much surprised if he finds it, you poor little mortal," she remarked to the child opposite, who was staring at her with round-eyed admiration.

For an hour the cabman searched for Happiness Road but he searched in vain. As the cabman said, "there was no such place."

"You must have made a mistake, dear," said Barabel to the child. "It's the sort of place that's very difficult to find," she added inconsequently. "But we've had quite a nice time looking for it, haven't we? And now the man will take you back to the shop, and you must find out whose mistake it was. I wish I had time to come with you and talk to the people about that heavy box, but I haven't. Buy

something nice with this." And away went Barabel.

"Wherever have you been?" inquired Sally with some anxiety, as her friend entered the dining-room ten minutes late for a late luncheon hour.

Barabel smiled. There was no one else in the room. "Looking for Happiness Road," she replied, and gave the story of the message-girl.

Sally laughed. "What funny things you do, Barabel. Did you find it?"

"No," returned her friend regretfully; "it wasn't there."

It is probable that Colin Stewart experienced a similar sense of disappointment when he presented himself that afternoon at Mrs. Somerville's door in Heriot Row, and was informed that the ladies had just gone out. Next day he called again, but fared no better: it was evident the Fates were against him. These dread powers were also unpropitious at this time to Mr. Richard Wynne. That gallant gentleman went to the Waverley with his cousin to see Barabel off, and was so pleasant and kindly, and looked after the traveller's comfort so thoughtfully, that no one could have guessed what a big disappointment he had received the day before. Barabel's heart was wrung to think of the pain she had given him, and it is perhaps little wonder that Sally, who knew all about it, was just a trifle constrained and cold in her farewell greeting to her dearest friend.

"I am very angry with her, Dick," she said to her cousin afterwards. "I am, really. It was just the very greatest good-fortune that could have happened to her, and I had set my heart upon it. She ought to have cared for you, Dick, and I'll never forgive her that she did not." And sweet Sally looked very much vexed at the ill success of her first essay in the dangerous art of matrimony.

"Sally," said the generous English-

man, "don't say that. It is no fault of hers. I've had my chance, and I've lost it, and—and she's worthy of a better man, bless her; and I hope, Sally, you will be her friend always, and not make me feel that I have brought any trouble to her, when, Heaven knows, that is not what I wanted."

And Mr. Wynne betook himself to the smoking-room and the consolations of his old brier-wood pipe, and presently with the map of Asia before him was engaged in making out a new scheme of travel for himself.

Poor Barabel had but an indifferent journey north. She blamed herself bitterly for she knew not what; and perhaps because of the glimpse she had seen of the life of ease and pleasure Mr. Wynne had been so anxious to bestow upon her, Boronach looked just a little dreary for the moment.

As for Colin he began to succeed in

the world in a small way that winter. He wrote brilliant little articles on economic subjects, and was urged to speak at philanthropic gatherings. As Sally had said, he was a good deal talked about. People remarked that he would have made a fortune at the Bar; that only two or three men in a generation spoke as he was capable of doing; that he should go into Parliament some day, if he had means. He tasted the sweets of gratified ambition, and immediately the austere conscience of his boyhood began to reprove him. He pleaded the cause of the poor with a passionate sincerity. Between him and all personal adulation and reward seemed to come the spirit of William's benediction. With everything, too, came the thought of his meeting with Barabel, and he thirsted for Boronach as David did for the water of the well at Bethlehem.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(*To be continued.*)

LIBERALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

"Papa, is God Liberal?" asked a little girl who was being brought up in the true faith and wished to be sound in the fundamentals. "Certainly, my dear," said her father; for he was a doctor of divinity and knew what he was talking about. Such lucid and concrete teaching in Christian theology is not common among us and is something of a desideratum. Explicit politics in the pulpit is apt to be as much suspect of prejudice and irrelevancy as explicit religion on the political platform, and both for good reasons and for bad we very seldom hear the principles and aims of the parties and the questions of current politics discussed on the ground of the New Testament. It is, no doubt, assumed that Christian men will be guided, or at least re-

strained, in politics as in other things more or less by Christian motives. Every one approved when Mr. Gladstone, after his death, was described by Lord Salisbury as "a great Christian," although all his life-work and main public objects were to Lord Salisbury anathema; and it was, and is, apt to be assumed that a statesman can be a great Christian, not only with equal sincerity and fervor but with equal reason and consistency, on either side of politics—that Christianity requires a man to be upright and devoted to the public good in his public life, but that, apart perhaps from Church questions, Christianity has nothing to say as to *what is* the public good and how we are to reach it. It is obviously necessary that political difference should not separate

men in their religious life, nor religious difference in their political life; but it is also necessary to maintain that the New Testament is relevant to our political debate and that there is a Christian view of the state and another view that is not Christian. I do not propose to contend for the exalted Christian character of one side of the House of Commons and the abandoned heathenism of the other; but I do contend that Liberal doctrine is, fundamentally, Christian doctrine. "Liberals" may hold and practise more or less of Liberalism, just as Christians may hold and practise more or less of Christianity. The party creed at any period, like the Church creed, is a more or less traditional and accidental and imperfect expression of the faith. But the faith is the main thing, both for motive and for enlightenment; and I believe it can be shown that the distinctive ideals of Liberalism are distinctively Christian ideals, that Liberalism is, essentially, the political exposition of the New Testament, the salvation by faith of the state, the calling of men to a high part of their spiritual liberty. If we can reach and hold this view of the matter, I believe it will make our actual working Liberalism more clear and more broad in its applications, more wisely tolerant and more wisely intolerant in its attitude to men and affairs, at once more patient and more daring in its outlook, and wisdom will be justified of her children.

What then is Liberalism, considered not as a programme but as a principle, not as a changing creed but as an abiding faith? In the debate on the Address at the beginning of last session Mr. Balfour taunted the Liberal Party with its preoccupation with constitutional questions. He said:—

The majority of measures dealing with social reform have been passed by Unionist and Conservative Governments, and not by Radicals. As soon

as the Radical Party get into power, they divert their energies and attention from social to political questions. They cannot resist the perpetual temptation to try and modify the constitution in some direction which they think favorable to their own interests. It has happened over and over again, and apparently it is going to happen again.

Now, without stopping to discuss Mr. Balfour's claim for Conservative Governments or to ask how many of the measures of social reform passed by them during the last seventy years would have been proposed without Liberal advocacy or would have been passed in an unreformed House of Commons, every Liberal will at once admit, or claim, that constitutional reform has been and is a constant and chief concern of the Liberal Party and of Liberal Governments. The reference to the House of Lords in the King's Speech was described by the Prime Minister at the same sitting as "the most important part of the Speech." The great landmarks of Liberalism in the past century were the Reform Bills of '32, '67 (when Disraeli "dished the Whigs"—by surrendering to them) and '85; and it may be agreed that the Liberal Party has wrought for the extension and simplification of the franchise more persistently than for any other single cause. The present object of the Government in proposing to deal with the House of Lords, as the Prime Minister defined it in the speech already quoted, is simply to make the franchise a more effective reality:—

"The representative system and the chamber here," he said, "are the foundation of the constitution. . . . We must have such a readjustment of the relations of the two Houses as will enable us to carry out with reasonable harmony the wishes of the people."

Now this continuous and insistent Liberal belief in the franchise is often spoken of as if it meant simply belief in the opinion of the multitude, and

Liberals themselves have sometimes spoken as if it meant that and little more than that; or as if Liberals reckoned on it to have results—in Mr. Balfour's characteristic phrase—"favorable to their own interests"; and as if therefore Liberalism landed itself in an obvious *reductio ad absurdum* when the enfranchised multitude itself votes Tory. No doubt it has been a frequent illusion with Liberal reformers that if they could but give a voice to the dumb and dispossessed people they would at once overcome the prejudices of privilege and possession with the simple human view of things and that the old delusions could not stand for a day against the plain man's judgment. It is the inevitable "foreshortening of prophecy," and in the equally inevitable disappointment many a Liberal has lost his faith. The reason is that his faith has not gone deep enough; he has not sufficiently learned the Liberalism which is faith in the salvability of men, in their capacity to learn the lessons of public righteousness and the common good; he has set his confidence in the mere present intelligence of the people and their choice of this or that course of national policy and has not yet learned to believe in the soul of the people, in their spiritual value. We take the man in the street and the man in the field, without test or selection, and we put into their hands the fate of the nations, the choice of peace or war, the disposal of vast treasure, the ordering of a mighty empire. It is a singular venture on the face of it, and it is little wonder if the political expert and the public official who are mainly concerned for the smooth working of the political machine incline to cynical views of democratic government. The democratic franchise, in fact, is either mere midsummer madness or else it is the expression of a fundamentally spiritual and transcendental belief in humanity. It corresponds with the baptism of an infant

as a child of God and an heir of the kingdom when it can only cry inarticulately for pap. It is the Christian faith that the child has eternity in its heart, that there is no earthly measure for the worth of the child and that the very assertion of that thought of the child in baptism is a prophecy that works for its own fulfilment. So it is the Liberal faith—and it is only such a faith that can justify the Liberal practice—that the franchise, given to men politically inarticulate and untaught, chiefly concerned with physical comfort, crying for pap, bound in ignorance and prejudice and held in by innumerable social limitations of their thought and conduct, is a summons and a prophecy that works to its own fulfilment in making of them free citizens in a free state. The franchise, from the Liberal point of view, is much more than a means for specific ends of Liberal policy. The franchise is citizenship, positive and responsible part in the body politic, citizenship still in germ in countless cases, often failing to fertilize, always meaning more than it is, but holding in itself all that the great spiritual conception of citizenship can mean. From the Liberal point of view it is better that a man should vote Tory than that he should not vote at all; the thing is for him to have a mind on these things, to be a citizen, not a mere subject of the Government. It is the test and the proof of Liberalism that it takes the risk, that it seeks to rely on no force with men but the force of persuasion and ventures all on the ultimate reasonableness of men. A Liberal reformer indeed frankly hopes that the voters he has enfranchised will vote Liberal—not merely for his supposed claim to their political gratitude (which is really an immoral idea of political morals), and not merely because Liberalism promises to serve better their material interests, but because it seems to him reasonable that those who have been enfranchised

should believe in and seek to complete their own enfranchisement, that those who have been made citizens should believe in citizenship, and because that belief in citizenship is Liberalism. The franchise is faith, and faith without works is dead; it must work in making citizenship more and more of a reality by many lines of constitutional, economic and social reform, and by its works the Liberal faith among us has been many a time vindicated. But no works can ever take the place of the faith, and no works can ever be fully adequate to the faith. The faith always means better works. The faith is always greater and deeper than the works. It is the faith, not the works, by which is salvation.

It is this positive idea of civil liberty, then, as active citizenship and self-government, that is the note of all our recent Liberalism. There is no truer exponent of it than the Prime Minister. "Good government," he said with reference to Ireland, "can never be a substitute for self-government." Long ago Mr. Gladstone wrote in a letter to Lord Granville with the same reference, "Liberty alone fits men for liberty," and his whole public career, as he said himself, was the story of his learning the supreme value of public liberty, that "great and precious gift of God," and its paramount claims on his service. For Liberalism self-government is not one among many methods of government having certain practical advantages in certain circumstances over other methods; it is the one absolute ideal of all government. In practise all sorts of concessions to times and to circumstances must be made at every stage; but to yield the ideal itself is to give up the Liberal faith. For Liberalism no times and no circumstances can ever justify a form of government that is not quickened by a motive and an outlook towards self-government, that does not at the

least seek to rest itself on the intelligent consent of the governed people. The pace and the method of reform in government depend on many things, and cannot be settled by any general doctrine; but the direction and the goal of reform are beyond debate. The test of Liberal citizens and of Liberal statesmen is that they "ask the way to Zion *with their faces thitherward*." The "wise and benevolent despot" ideal of government is vain, not merely and not mainly because of the difficulty of securing the wisdom and benevolence of the despot, but because it does not look to, and indeed deliberately excludes, the one paramount end of all government, to make citizens. Even where it succeeds, it fails in the main thing; and even where self-government partly fails, the measure of its success is success in the highest purpose of government, and it carries in itself the promise and principle of all reform. In the end there is no wise or just or practical government of men but their government of themselves; and in the meantime there is no wise or just or practical government but that which seeks to make its subjects into citizens.

Now self-government is obviously government by debate; and belief in debate is a constant and characteristic mark of Liberalism. The present House of Commons is the most Liberal that has ever met at Westminster, and no House has ever been more keenly interested in political discussion. A chief distinction of the sittings of this Parliament as compared with the last, quite as marked as the predominance of certain opinions on certain questions, is the new sense of the reality and the dignity of the political issues. The last General Election turned the debating society of 1905 into the national inquest of 1906. There is a good deal of loose talk about party-politics which implies that political controversy is, on the whole, rather an immoral business

and that it is a standing Christian duty to agree with one's political opponents,¹ and which really means that the public questions under discussion are not worth discussing and that prudent and practical men will save their breath and their temper. Now it needs to be said that when men disparage party-politics, that is to say, political debate and government by debate, then they are, *ipso facto*, not Liberals. Lord Rosebery's freely-expressed contempt for party-politics and current debate as if they were, on the whole, a waste of energy and a distraction from the real public interests and from the business of government, and his curious notion of a cabinet of business men (with a soldier among them), apparently unhampered by distinctive and settled political principles or willing to forget them and giving themselves simply to the efficient working of the institutions—give the measure of Lord Rosebery's Liberalism. Mr. Balfour's elaborate and artistic evasiveness in political discussion is valuable and convincing only in one respect, as a masterly and complete exposition of political scepticism and a contradiction of the very idea of responsible and defensible political conviction. It is, after all, debate, not politics in the abstract and in general terms but politics in the concrete, party-politics and the living issues, that is interesting to men. And the fact is not due to human depravity, to which it is apt to be put down by staid and contented persons: it is not a fact to be deplored with lifting up of the eyes and overcome with devout resolutions. Party-politics is not a necessary evil in the state; it is a necessary good. The alternatives to party-politics are the politics of private interests and—what commonly comes to the same thing—

¹ This view, *in excelsis*, appeared in the report of the opening of the second Russian Duma, a combination of totally contrary opinions on the most urgent and practical public questions.—“After a solemn Te Deum was celebrated, the Metropolitan delivered

the working of a bureaucracy. For the party questions are the public questions, the concrete and pressing questions of government, the answers to which must be based on public grounds. It is the good citizen as such, and not the expert political thinker as such, who ultimately rules in a free state. It is the first business of the good citizen to find a true answer to these party-questions; and the process of debate—in so far as the debate is a genuine conflict of opinions—by which he tries to find the true answers and which is so disturbing to many men and many interests and costs so much energy with so little outward result to show for it, is simply the inevitable ferment of conviction and movement of truth. “The surest way to promote democracy,” said a recent writer in the *Tribune*, “is to be democrats, to recognize, that is to say, that one man has as good a right to his opinion as another”—and that is to recognize debate as of the essence of popular government. It is no paradox, then, to say that from the Liberal point of view both parties are necessary to the state. Were it only for the sake of mutual criticism and discussion, a genuine opposition of the parties, a looking before and after, a defence and a development of the existing order, are essentials in the Liberal conception of the state. The existing order is like the filament in an electric burner and the spirit of reform like the current; the filament resists the current and glows. Or we may put it that the action and reaction of the parties are the systole and diastole of the heart of the commonwealth. The Liberal ideal is not a certain conceivable fixed and finally satisfactory system of government that will leave the people without an address in which he begged the members to forget their differences of opinion and work for the welfare of their suffering country, and appealed for peace and concord.” Could the moral ineptitude of ecclesiastical administration go farther?

further care in the matter and wholly free for their private concerns, but a living and sensitive system, continually responsive to the changes of life, continually dependent on the thought and conscience of the people and continually engaging them in their public concerns. The life needs its organism and the life produces its organism, as the mind of the people the concrete order of government; but the organism exists for the sake of the life, not the life for the organism, and the life of the organized State is its progress in the development of free and positive citizenship. The method of that development is debate, that is to say, party-politics.

It belongs naturally to this Liberal belief in debate that Liberalism finds its main arguments in principles, which lie in the mind itself, while Conservatism, by comparison, is preoccupied with institutions, which are a part of the external order of things. For typical spokesmen of both we could hardly find better than the present Prime Minister and his predecessor. Even if we leave out of view their respective policies, is it open to question that Mr. Balfour's political language, when it is positive at all, is mainly concerned with institutions, the Empire, the Union, the Established Churches, the House of Lords, the Army and Navy, "the Trade," while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's language is mainly and characteristically of principles, of humanity, of liberty, of international peace, of fair dealing? Mr. Balfour stands, so to speak, *within the institutions* and looks critically at the principles, using the principles mainly for the exposition and defence of the institutions, by showing, more or less conclusively, that the institutions are in fact the very strongholds of humanity, freedom, peace, justice—the House of Lords, as an obvious example standing for the rights of the people. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,

on the other hand, stands *within the principles* and looks critically at the institutions, expounding and defending the principles in their practical bearing on the institutions, testing the institutions by the principles and requiring them to come under continual review and submit to that judgment. Mr. Balfour teaches us by implication that the value and use of the principles is to preserve and strengthen the institutions; Sir Henry that the entire value and use of the institutions is to realize the principles. To a defender of the institutions as such, say to an average bishop or a permanent under-secretary in a Government office, Liberalism must present itself, on the whole, as a negative, destructive force, a kind of practical disloyalty and scepticism in the body politic. For by the nature of Liberalism no institution is or can be finally authoritative to it. As they stand, all political institutions are tentative, subject always to criticism and amendment, mere stages, often becoming mere impediments, in the way of progress, that is, in the way of a fuller and more effective citizenship. In New Testament language, "he that is spiritual judgeth all things." There is indeed idealism, sincere, ardent and disinterested, on both sides of politics; without it either party is reduced to a gang of pettifoggers or licensed highwaymen. The standing party debate, so far as it is genuine, is between the idealism of the one party and of the other. The Conservative idealism glorifies, consecrates, defends, perpetuates the institutions, as the result and embodiment of all the past. The Liberal idealism glorifies, consecrates, defends, perpetuates *the man*, the citizen, as the promise of all the future, the living human interests in themselves as clearly as it may be able to discern them, at whatever cost incidentally to whatever institutions, at the cost always of greater or less disorder in the

seeking after an order that is organic, from within. It cannot, by the motive to which it is committed, rest in any human order but that which is never reached, the order of the city of the soul which is measured with the golden reed "according to the measure of a man," and which comes down out of heaven from God.

Mr. Morley says that Mr. Gladstone was the first statesman of the front rank who made the people believe that he really cared for them. It would be superfluous to point out that Mr. Gladstone had opposed to him in general politics from time to time men of entirely generous instincts, zealous for the public good, humane in all their political motives. The difference is that Mr. Gladstone, singularly among our past great statesmen, gave the people not benevolence and benefits merely but that *charity of the mind which is justice*, that he deliberately and of serious purpose brought them into counsel and required of them both intelligence and conscience in their public concerns. And that outlook on the people and the people's concerns, not merely humane but in that deeper sense human, that faith in the people and desire after them which was more and more characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, belongs essentially to Liberalism. This has been the accepted Liberal solvent of the problems of Empire. In Ireland, in India, in Egypt we have disturbing and difficult questions with regard to waking and rising nationalities, the stirrings of the souls of the peoples, questions of statesmanship that have been long before us or are now for the first time calling for a hearing and some kind of settlement. How shall we meet these questions? The Conservative policy at its best, in general and on principle, not only in Ireland but everywhere, is to kill Home Rule, the spirit of active citizenship, with kindness, to make the people

more physically comfortable and more economically satisfied so that they will be less taken up with politics, to do everything they can need from government so well for them that they will no longer wish to do it for themselves, themselves to be the government. For Conservatism in general the British Empire is the most august of all human institutions. Briefly, Ireland, India and Egypt are great British institutions which must not be disturbed. Lord Hugh Cecil concisely and conveniently summed up his Unionism recently by describing Ireland as "a province of the British Empire." To Liberalism, Ireland, India, Egypt are, primarily, not part of the British Empire but part of humanity, part of ourselves; we are in travail till they are brought to the birth, till their peoples are raised to a citizenship as free, as willing, as active and responsible as our own. The name and the language of Empire are distasteful to Liberals, because all the ideas traditionally suggested by that name and language have been supplanted for Liberalism by the idea of a great federation of free, self-governing nations and, in the case of the less politically developed races, the idea of a government which seeks continually to prepare the way of such freedom and self-government. That has been the Liberalism of Durham in Canada, of Grey in Cape Colony, of Ripon in India, of Gladstone in Ireland, and of Campbell-Bannerman in the new colonies in South Africa. Because they have looked beyond the mere *status quo* of Imperial authority and order, because their standards have been not primarily Imperial at all but human, because they have first thought not of the flag but of the people, they have been the friends and deliverers and preservers of the Empire and have made it such a free union of peoples as is not otherwise known to history. It is not enough to claim, as some Lib-

erals do, that we Liberals, too, have our share of Imperial patriotism. The fact is that the British Empire is strong to-day because and in so far as it is Liberal, because and in so far as it is self-governed or implicitly aims at self-government, resting on and continually developing in the free citizenship of all its people.

I have said that Liberalism in its essential meaning, as I conceive it, is the political exposition of the New Testament. And when we turn to the New Testament for its teaching on liberty, which may be taken as the central principle of Liberalism, we naturally turn first to Paul, a great part of whose service to the infant Church, perhaps his chief service, was to expound and apply the implications of the Gospel with regard to the liberty of the human soul.

There was no subject on which Paul was more instantly jealous and on his guard than the claim and the necessity for the soul to govern itself by an inward law, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," and that obedience to an inward law is what he means by the soul's liberty. It is the main burden of much of his writing. His Epistle to the Galatians is an impassioned plea against his converts going back from their liberty in Christ to be "entangled again with the yoke of bondage" by giving their trust and their obedience to the alien authority of an outward law. "Behold, I Paul say unto you that if ye receive circumcision, Christ will profit you nothing." Paul rejected the Jewish law as a religion, a method of salvation, practically, because it was futile, it did not save, it failed for sanctification, that is, for life; and in principle, because it had not the authority of inwardness, it was not written on the heart, it did not belong to a man's being. He constantly contrasted the bondage of the law with the liberty of the Gospel, on

the ground that the Gospel is a law within a man, the law of a free conviction carrying in it a principle of self-fulfilment, the love of Christ constraining him—"Because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts." It is because he relied so absolutely on this inward law that Paul showed in his writings to all the churches so singular and vigilant a regard for the integrity and the freedom of the conscience—"Not for that we have dominion over your faith, for by faith ye stand"—"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

In another aspect of it that same struggle in which Paul fought for and won the Church's liberty was a struggle against the claims made on behalf of institutions as against the primary claims and needs of the soul itself. And in this struggle against his own strong prepossessions, the very Judaism of Paul, the very racial and traditional limitations of his thought, the authority, for example, he still allowed to the letter of the ancient Hebrew Scripture and the peculiar place he still gave to Israel in providence, only serve to prove the dominating force in him of his faith in the free grace of God and the free persuasion of men; because more and more it was not these narrower thoughts which he had inherited but that large faith which he had reached that prevailed with him and directed his mind. To many of the Jewish Christians of his day, Paul was the scorner and the enemy of the most sacred institutions, because he steadily insisted on making every institution, every ordinance and authority that was from without, secondary to the authority of the Spirit of Christ in the spirits of men. And since that inward authority was to be realized and understood and applied by the Christian for himself, since by the nature of that authority there could be no

blind obedience to it, there is nothing he more constantly desires for his converts than their development in moral and spiritual understanding. His prayer for the Philippians is thoroughly characteristic of Paul, "that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment, so that you may approve the things that are excellent," or rather, "distinguish things that differ." For Paul the one authority was the Spirit of God in Christ and the one seat of authority was the human soul, and with that authority no sacred institution or prescription could come into any sort of comparison or competition. No man in the New Testament was more carefully concerned with the institutions of the Church, its organization, its services, its discipline, its sacraments; no man took wiser heed for the Church's life in Christ, the spirit for the organized continuity of the Church's life. But no man was less of a spiritual bureaucrat or obscurantist; for no one held more clearly in view that the one measure and use of all the order and institutions of the Church was the Church's life in Christ, the spiritual intelligence and personal responsibility and free and positive consecration of each and all of the Church's members, their "citizenship" which "was in heaven." Always in Paul's view these are the necessary ends of the Church to which the institutions are only the more or less necessary means and must be judged as means.

And, in the third place, Paul's "universalism," his claim to spiritual kinship with all men, his joy in the breaking down of middle walls of partition between men, his noble and moving faith and hope for the common human soul, is also a great and distinctive note of his teaching and spirit. He will admit no outward condition or limitation of a man's life to be a bar to equality of Christian fellowship or any

disability for his full liberty in Christ. He will allow no privileges or perquisites or ranks or classes in the kingdom of grace that would prejudice or limit the rights of the common soul to every spiritual benefit that is open to any. There is nothing finer in Paul than his chivalry with regard to the average undistinguished Christian. It was a genuine and characteristic remembrance that he made in his Epistle to the Philippians of "other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life." He is the great democrat of the Apostolate, for whom "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all." How bold and liberal was his faith in men is illustrated by his addressing his converts in Corinth without qualification as "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints," and thanking God "for the grace that is given them," while he goes on in the same epistle to deal perfectly frankly and firmly with a condition of sectarian division and rivalry, of intellectual restlessness and vanity, of moral laxity and disorder and of ignorance of some of the first elements of the Gospel, which must have baffled any less heroic faith. Being called to be saints these Corinthian Christians were spiritually enfranchised. As yet many of them made a poor blundering use of their freedom; but their accepted calling was a constant challenge to them to draw on their vital resources in the grace of God and the truth of Christ and to come to their sainthood. Their faith was a power and a prophecy in them, and Paul believed in its fulfilment.

Now if these three principles were leading principles in the teaching of Paul—that of inward law, the autonomy or Christian liberty of the soul, that of the subordination of institutions to the interests of the soul, and

that of the equal standing of all souls in respect of the grace of God in Christ and the benefits of salvation, it is plain on the one hand that he found these principles in the Gospel of Christ, and it is, I think, as plain on the other hand that they have only had new applications in the ideals of our modern political Liberalism.

Just because the teaching of Jesus is so much simpler and deeper than that of Paul, because it is so much more elemental, so much less conditioned and qualified by temporal and local circumstances, its principles are far less easy to distinguish and define. His words, more than the words of any other, are spirit and life and we must find Himself in His words if we are to find their meaning. It is not so much in specific lessons from his discourses as in the whole tenor of His words and ways with men that we find how absolutely inward and spiritual was His conception of law and how entirely he relied on the soul's free obedience, how simply and constantly He made the interests of the soul primary and not only superior to those of any institution but disparate and out of comparison with them, how steadily and equally he looked on all men *sub specie aeternitatis* as living souls capable of a divine fellowship and called to it and lost without it. His beatitudes are for the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, those that are hungry and thirsty for righteousness; He bids men love their enemies "that they may be the children of their Father"; His promise of fruitfulness is to those who receive the word and keep it "in an honest and good heart"; all the qualification and obedience He requires in His disciples is inward, of the heart. He assures His followers that the truth shall make them free; He controverts the whole current Jewish idea of the Sabbath when He says that "the Sabbath was

made for man and not man for the Sabbath"; He breaks down the strongest middle wall of partition when He talks on the things of life with a Samaritan woman; and He implies far more than He says in what has been called "the *camaraderie*" of His appeal to the normal human instincts in commendation of the grace of God—"What man of you, having an hundred sheep?" In what we must regard as His most authentic and characteristic teaching "the kingdom" is His whole concern, and the kingdom means for Him the will of God in the souls of men, and in the souls of all men, which is salvation; it is the one abiding and fundamental human interest with which nothing else can come into any true comparison; it is the one measure of all good for all men and by no other good can it be measured. No one else ever put such a value on the mere human soul as Jesus did. "The common people heard Him gladly," because it was to them and properly to none but them that He spoke; for He recognized none as other than common people or on a footing other than that of their common humanity, so that He has never yet been recognized as He is by any who are not satisfied to stand on that footing.

Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

All our ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity, all that is most vital in our democratic faith, find their purest and simplest expression in Him. He made these ideals true for the soul and we are finding them to be true also for the larger corporate life of the state. That faith which is the soul's salvation is proving itself the state's salvation too and Christ is again being made unto us wisdom.

The most explicitly political book in the New Testament, the Apocalypse, while it is also in some respects the

most Judaic book in the New Testament, carries certain great principles of the Gospel into the region of the state with a searching relevance to present political issues which has been too little recognized. There is an Imperialism which is in the nature of an obsession on many minds in every great empire from time to time and which is summarily and accurately set forth in the Apocalypse as the worship of the Beast. It was not the specific crimes of the Roman Empire that were in question in the first place in the Apocalypse; it was its claim to worship that made it Antichrist—that blasphemy included all its crimes. And when reverence for the Empire or the state as an institution is put first in our political thinking, when its advancement is made the primary measure of political right and wrong—as when a late distinguished Imperial statesman was eulogized the other day on the score that he had not been hindered by moral scruples in his service of the Empire—when its interests are segregated from those of the rest of humanity, its glory sought in the degree of its material predominance and its supposed security made prior to the liberties and the happiness of its peoples and to the fairness of its dealings with other peoples, then the mark of the Beast is plain on the forehead of its worshippers. In the Apocalypse the Beast is overthrown at the last by the followers of the Lamb, and it is a part of the victory of the Lamb and of the triumph of the City of God, which is measured throughout by the human cubit, that “the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.” That is to say, the spiritual interest, the pure human interest, stands first and must be made first; and the putting of any material, institutional, governmental interest first is in the essence of it heathenism. The only Christian loyalty to the state is

loyalty to the kingdom of God, that is to say, to the whole human interests concerned. That, which is the Christian view of the state and of the Empire, is, as I have already contended, also the Liberal view. Liberalism follows Christianity in observing the great moral principle formulated by Kant, that man is to be regarded always as an end, never merely as a means. For Christianity the free soul is not merely the subject and servant and means of the kingdom of God; the free soul *is* the kingdom of God—in the freedom of the soul the kingdom of God consists. And for Liberalism the free citizen is not merely the best governor of the state; the free citizen *is* the state,—for his freedom and in his freedom the state exists as a living organism. “*L'état c'est moi*” on the lips of a king means tyranny; on the lips of the free citizen that is the very language of civil liberty.

The New Testament liberty of the soul means all human liberties and it has meant them in history. The great, fruitful Christian movements have been democratic, always so in the broad, fundamental sense, commonly so in the sense of being associated more or less directly with aspirations after civil liberty. Francis, the little poor man of Assisi, and his brothers in the thirteenth century, Wyclif and his “poor priests,” the kinsmen of Piers Plowman, in fourteenth century England, the chiefs of the Reformation, Luther and Zwingli, Calvin and Knox, in the sixteenth century, the English Puritans and the Scottish Covenanters in the seventeenth century, Wesley and the Methodists in the eighteenth century; all have appealed deeply and directly to the general heart of men; they have believed in the capacity of the normal mind and conscience for spiritual things; they have enfranchised men with truth, in the name of Christ making them kings and priests

to God, "crowned and mitred over themselves," personally responsible and fit for salvation. Every such movement has been democratic inasmuch and in so far as it has been Pauline, Johannine, Christian.

It is this faith then which I have described as Liberalism that I believe to be the political application of fundamentally Christian principles. It is held by many who are avowedly not Christians and by some who do not call themselves Liberals; and it is repudiated by very many declared Christians and in effect denied by some declared Liberals. In some aspects of it is held by some Conservatives and it has often been maintained most resolutely and effectively by some Socialists. The question I have been raising is not primarily a question of parties or of men at all but of faith and infidelity; and those who do not approve of my references to parties and to statesmen may regard them, after a classical example, as "Illustra-

tions, not arguments," and substitute other names—if they can. I contend for this that I call Christian Liberalism, this charging of men with their common and public concerns and requiring of them their response, that it is a faith that fulfils itself—it creates a soul under the ribs of death. It is a faith that takes the risks that belong to faith. It is a great experiment, as is Christianity itself, as is the creation of a soul. It is a faith that is held not by the past but by the future; it makes its main reckoning not by the prudential understanding but by the moral imagination. No other political faith so meets man's weakness and none so requires his strength; no other political faith is so generous and none so exigent. It is through such a faith alone, however we may name it, that there will come the redemption of the state and that the glory and honor of the nations will be brought into the kingdom of God.

John D. Sinclair.

The Contemporary Review.

THE CHASE OF THE FLIER.

Madison leaned comfortably from the rail of his engine in a slant of saffron sunlight that fell, softened, through the glassed roof of the big passenger station at Marsh Mills. He was pulled up in a bay waiting for the express, and was quite content to stay there awhile; for the station was restful, and he had just dined at the men's club, as becomes a driver of experience and position. He smoked what had once been a briar pipe with intense earnestness, and watched the scene.

Presently a signal fell, and the express, a few minutes late, swung grandly round the long curve into the station, gliding right up the platforms until her engine, the Aglavaine, driven by Tom Burton, came to rest

opposite Madison. It was hot—so hot that, although the Aglavaine was blowing off steam with a stentorian sibilation that shook the very ground, the jets from her valves were almost invisible; the usual white plumes that shot up and dispersed in feathery spirals among the dingy rods and girders were represented by a vehement upward spurt of bluish, flocculent vapor, and a violent tremor of the air. In the distance, under the spacious latticed arch, the rails vanished into summer haze; near at hand the heat shimmered over the tracks as though furnaces were alight beneath. The station was almost unbearably close, for what wind there was blew across, instead of through it from end

to end; a space of air was therefore boxed up, and it held a mixture of odors in which perhaps that of warm leather predominated.

Not unreasonably, the head guard of the express seemed to feel that the deafening din of the Aglavaine emphasized and exaggerated the heat, for he came up the platform, fanning himself with his half-unrolled green flag, and shouted to Burton: "Can't you stop that row? It makes us 'otter'?"

"Be 'otter' still if she blew up," answered Burton, grinning down at him from the footplate, and glancing at the steam-gauge.

Its pointer was well past the red arrow that denoted 220 lb., at which pressure the valves were set to lift. The guard went back, slamming doors with unnecessary energy on his way. Two more minutes elapsed; there was a shrill whistle, the wave and dip of the green flag at the end of the long platform, and with volcanic, reverberant blasts the Aglavaine drew out on the next stage—eighty-five miles non-stop—of her journey. The two drivers nodded across as she moved off.

After her departure a strange stillness seemed to settle on the place. Porters returned to their hibernation in shady, unknown corners; the mysterious men who with long-handled hammers had deftly tapped the wheels and axles of the train, and the lads who had pried and peered into the grease-boxes, went back to their secret lairs; hardly a soul was to be seen. A torn crimson handbill flaunted and crepitated in an eddy of air; bits of paper whirled aimlessly over the metals. A small, blistered tank-engine slouched apologetically through the shadows at the other end, and, leaving a couple of trucks in a siding, coughed her way out again. Madison's huge, high-shouldered locomotive, the Merlin, shone greenly in the afternoon sunshine. She was a crack passenger

flier, and she gave forth a subtle, somnolent hissing, very expressive of power held in leash. Everything about her was an implication of strength, vigor, and speed; her long, projecting bogie, the fine curve of her wheel-guards, the enormous, high-set boiler, with an absurdly short funnel put well back. An express locomotive is one of the noblest machines man has ever made, and the Merlin was the latest out from the building shops. As she stood there, the yellow light winking back from her polished, spick-and-span outside cross-head, and reflecting in a softer sheen from her copper feed-pipe, the Company might well have been proud of her. Before another three hours had passed, the Company had reason to be proud, both of her and her driver.

Sinclair, the fireman, who had been oiling up, clambered to the platform and stood wiping his hands on a bundle of cotton-waste. Ten minutes had gone by; the silence grew uncanny, and a trifle oppressive; Madison mopped his shining, smeary face, put away his pipe, peered forward for the drop of his signal, and fidgeted.

"Time's up," said Sinclair. "She's well ahead by now. We ought to be started, sure." The engine was attached to four empty coaches which should be delivered safely at Lipson that evening—a mere holiday *dilettissement* for the Merlin. The station clock showed eight minutes past three. Madison opened the whistle for a few seconds, playing the handle so that it screamed impatiently and gave a husky wail. As it ceased, a hasty shout mingled with its harsh echoes.

The two men turned to see the station superintendent running towards them across the tracks from the farthest platform; he called as he came, "Uncouple the engine!"

Sinclair, not waiting for reasons, jumped down between and began

throwing round the heavy screw-coupling bar.

"Madison," said the chief quickly, "a message has just come through that the down-track has buckled badly on Yelverton Bridge—heat, of course. What about the express? She's long past our signals now, and it's no use telegraphing to the Dousland junction beyond Yelverton—they can't do anything till she gets in their range, past the bridge."

Madison considered rapidly. "Goes over the bridge about 4.10. She's ten minutes late to-day; allowing she'll pick up five between here and the bridge, guess she'll be there by 4.15," he said.

"Could you catch and stop her in time?"

"Don't know," said the driver calmly. "I'll try. Is it a clear run?"

"Yes,—you're switched to the up metals now. Mind the mail. Both lines will be blocked between Dousland and here until I know what has happened—only don't forget the mail is already on your line."

Madison's only plan was to give chase on the parallel up-track, run alongside the express, and stop her; but the mail, due at Marsh Mills 5.15, would be coming towards him, having already left Dousland on her fast daily run of one hundred and thirty-seven miles. If he failed to catch the express there was the certainty of a double smash, for she would derail on the bridge, and shortly afterwards the mail, travelling at high speed, would be due there. If he succeeded, there was still a possibility of the mail smashing into him before he had time to start running back out of the way. He was unworried, however, to all appearance, and Sinclair didn't seem to mind.

"Good luck!" shouted the station boss. With her regulator only just open, the Merlin clanked in her stately,

unhurrying way over the complexity points that formed the approach to the station, her big crank-head glinting in the hot sunlight. Past the sheds, past the level crossing with its row of gaping onlookers—over to the up-line she ran steadily. Then Madison let on half steam, and, as he felt the immense driving-wheels grip, and balanced himself to that fine, sentient leap forward, slid the expansion gear right over and smartly opened the throttle to its widest. The magnificent machine answered like a thing alive—Madison, somehow, could never quite believe that his engine didn't know him—and with tremendous, resounding exhausts, ever quickening, sprang past the last signal-cabin into open country. There was no slipping, and yet, at present, there was nothing like racing. Sixty miles an hour didn't affect Madison as anything to make a fuss about; he did seventy-five every other day, going West, with half a dozen superb coaches and a dining-car. So the Merlin, running light, swung into her sixty-stride when trudging slightly up-hill.

Fortunately the safety-valves were not locked out of the driver's control, as is the uncharitable custom of some railways; the spring bar came through a slot in the cab, and could be adjusted from the foot-plate. Therefore, when Sinclair, spreading thin layers of fresh coal over the dazzling, white hot mass in the firebox, glanced up at the pressure-gauge and read off 240 lb., he smiled. The valves had been tightened, and he had anticipations. First, the twelve-mile level was coming, which succeeded the easy bank of seven miles they were now climbing; then, twenty-five miles of very gradual descent, as slick and trim as a picture; after that, thirty more, level, to Yelverton Bridge. There would be some running; he looked at his watch. . . . By Jove, there would need to be

some running! Three-fifteen, and seventy-odd miles to the bridge.

Seven minutes cleared them of the bank, and the line, straight as a knife-edge, stretched to vanishing-point in front of them. Madison bent to Sinclair's ear.

"Send her up," he shouted, nodding to the gauge. The two men exchanged a comprehending nod.

Fields and hedges began to glide into view, wheel, and flit past like the whickerings images of a cinematograph. A little wisp of steam whirled over the cab and flew hotly across Madison's face; the valves were lifting. He screwed the nuts down a half-turn, and looked at the dial. Two hundred and fifty.

Nine minutes and a half accounted for the twelve miles of level ground, and then the grave and gallant Merlin began to show what she could do when urged. To-morrow, thought Madison, as they plunged into a deafening tunnel and shot through to sunlight again, they would be able to talk about speed at the sheds . . . if there was going to be any to-morrow. . . . Thomson knew what he was about when he designed the Merlin type. The clamor of their flight crowded down upon their ears again as they slammed through a deep cutting, and the driver grinned to himself with a swift thrill of exhilaration. Soon he thought less of the sheds, and possible to-morrows, and more about keeping his equilibrium. The engine began swaying with a fearful rhythm, first bearing to one side, then to the other; it was, of course, an illusion, but she seemed to lift and lean as a skater at high speed uses right and left, and with it all the racket of her massive connecting-rods and cranks shook her through and through. The roar of the exhaust steam evolved a continuous, gruff, purring sound resembling the steadily pressed pedal-bourdon of an organ,

and the cacophony of flying rods and rocking links merged into a second note, slightly higher in pitch; the machinery no longer "said words"—as all machinery does if you listen for them—but sounded the middle note of a chord. The wind-rush of their flight hummed a shrewd, metallic tone which enveloped the rest. It was a strong, ominous chord of three, constantly held down. Yet, in spite of the din, there was a curious impression of stillness on the hot, sun-bathed countryside; they seemed as a meteor of sound beating through a sky of silence. The two men kept their places by gripping the rail and the levers as the engine hurtled down the track. Forests, cuttings, embankments were devoured and cast behind. A field of poppies glowed like a splash of blood as they flashed past it.

Suddenly Madison shouted to his mate. Away ahead on the last few miles of decline showed the express. They were overhauling her rapidly, although she was probably tooling along at a full fifty. If the chief guard saw the strange spectacle of an engine racing up behind he would wonder exceedingly, but might not think of danger to his own train at first. They were getting riskily near the bridge—within five miles, and the faces of both men grew anxious. Nearer and nearer the Merlin dashed; the driver jerked his whistle violently. . . . Would they never take any notice? It was almost too late. There was no result until they had nearly drawn alongside; then, as Madison eased the throttle and managed his engine cleverly to keep pace with the onrushing train, opening his whistle widely, he saw the guard jump for his brakes. At the same moment Burton looked back, alarmed, from the footplate of the Aglavaine, and shut off his steam.

Madison, hearing the sudden skirl of the steam-brakes on the whole train,

closed his regulator and applied his own brakes. He glanced at his watch: it was 4.17, and they were actually in the approach to the Yelverton Bridge. The Merlin stopped easily about two hundred yards from the bridge; but the Aglavaine, having the impetus of a heavy train, could not pull up so quickly. She ran ahead. Madison and his mate watched breathlessly, horrified. She entered, slowing, upon the bridge, jumped the bent metals, plunged heavily to the ballast, and crashed against the low stone parapet, away from the up-line. There was a splash of fallen granite blocks in the river below, a trickle of powdered mortar blown like smoke on the warm wind, and the big locomotive brought up, with two wheels of her bogie overhanging the edge. All the carriages except the front guard's van kept to the line.

The two men paled beneath the grime on their dripping faces, and looked at one another.

"A near thing, that," said Madison.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

Then he sprang back to his levers, reversed, and flung open the regulator. Round the curve past the bridge a low reverberation was increasing; it was the up Marsh Mills mail. The Merlin began running backwards rapidly, and the driver of the mail smartly applied his brakes as he came into view of the stranded train—only just in time, for the space between the mail and the Merlin became very small before the former came to a standstill. Then, after explanations and congratulations all round between the staffs of the three engines and the passengers of the saved express, the Merlin was coupled funnel to funnel with the engine of the mail, and ran with it thus back to Marsh Mills.

Two hours later the Merlin, under easy steam, was taking a breakdown gang and trolley out to Yelverton Bridge. As they began to descend the long bank Madison turned to Sinclair and shut off steam.

"I guess we won't take it quite so quick this time," he said.

Wilfrid L. Randell.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

Ireland has enjoyed of late a large share of public attention. We have been deluged with newspaper articles and books in which the condition of the country has been discussed from almost every conceivable point of view. A powerful Government has brought to birth an unfortunate babe which everybody, Irish or English, Nationalist or Unionist, has agreed to strangle at once. There has been great talk of ecclesiastical influence; of land purchase and grazing farms; of Sinn Féiners, wild creatures whom intelligent Englishmen have agreed to consider mad though undeniably clever; of agrarian outrages here and there in Roscommon and Galway; and of many other things which no man can want

to have enumerated again. But one thing has entirely escaped the notice of all observers; the fact that Ireland is producing for the first time in her history literature in the English language. And yet this is probably a more significant thing than all the political turmoil of which we hear too much.

Of course, Ireland has frequently produced great writers of English. A list of names occurs readily to the memory: Richard Steele, Oliver Goldsmith, Laurence Sterne, Edmund Burke, Maria Edgeworth, and many minor people, Parnell the Poet, Lady Morgan, Lever, Lover, Lefanu. Their names are in the ordinary histories of English literature. Their works are duly chronicled. They are appreciated

comfortably by cultured Englishmen for they wrote for an English public, and followed the traditions of English letters. Once and only once in the past was there anything like a school of Irish writers making an appeal to an Irish public. Round Thomas Davis and *The Nation* newspaper in the middle of the last century there gathered an extremely brilliant band of writers. Nothing of its kind surpasses the collection of verse published under the title of *The Spirit of the Nation*. Some of the finest of these lyrics found their way to the hearts of the people, and are sung and recited still. But the merits of the Young Ireland writings were rhetorical rather than purely literary. They stir the blood and fire the passions, but we do not rejoice over them in pure satisfaction with form and style. They were meant to arouse the patriotic spirit of the nation. They were not the expression of artistic aspiration. The Young Ireland movement produced just one really great prose writer—one whose work for the sake of its excellence of literary form deserves to live—John Mitchell. He was exiled from Ireland, and left behind him no literary disciples, no inheritors of his capacity for virile prose.

The Fenian movement did little for literature. John O'Leary's papers in the *Irish People* and Kickham's novels are all that remain to us. They are the work of Irishmen, and were written for Ireland, but they failed to awaken the intellect of the nation. They created no school of Irish writers. The short-lived idealism of the followers of Isaac Butt never got beyond politics. Parnell's leadership was entirely barren of literary inspiration. There is one lyric written by Miss Fanny Parnell. There was literally nothing else except flamboyant oratory. The literary spirit of Ireland slept while men struggled with

each other for land and rent: shot, hanged, boycotted, or imprisoned one another. There was no room in Ireland in those days for literature. Nobody felt nobly enough to sing well. Nobody thought calmly enough to write anything but pamphlets.

The literary intellect of Ireland slept during the Parnell epoch, but there was one Irishman who was haunted by uneasy dreams. Mr. Standish O'Grady rediscovered the ancient Gaelic heroes. Himself a man with the heroic kind of soul, he wrote of heroes in an epic way. Amid the tumult of political strife nobody grasped the spirit of his writing. The people who were passionately indignant with landlords for owning land could find no inspiration in the story of Cuculain, because it was not recorded of him that he ever shot an agent. The others, who were above all things anxious to hang an agitator, would have nothing to do with the Red Branch Knights, suspecting in a dim, vague way that such men must have been Nationalists, and therefore blackguards. Mr. Standish O'Grady wrote on. His *Early Bardic History of Ireland*, *Critical and Philosophical*, by Cuculain, *The Flight of the Eagle*, *Finn and his Companions*, *The Bog of Stars*, and other books. Mr. Standish O'Grady never won great popularity. His was a nobler reward. He is the father of the Irish literary movement. From him the poets and dramatists who are writing in Ireland now drew their first inspiration. Nor do his services to Ireland stop here. By his publication of *The Library of the Nore* while he was editor of *The Kilkenny Moderator*, he gave young writers their first chance of finding a public. In his *All Ireland Review*, now, alas! dead, he steadily maintained great ways of thought, high and pure views of vexed

questions, an heroic attitude of soul, which have done much to elevate and keep lofty in spirit our new literature. Yet for a long time Mr. Standish O'Grady was alone, a voice in a midnight wilderness full of ravening creatures.

But the dawn came, and if we have not yet got done with the howlings of wolves, at least there is a hope that when the daylight fully comes to us they will get them away to their dens. In 1888 Miss Katharine Tynan published her first volume of verse. She and another young poet, Miss Frances Wynne, who died before she had done more than give promise of good work, owed much to the wise encouragement of Father Matthew Russell, editor of *The Irish Monthly*. Here was work, not of great power or striking originality, but distinctively Irish in tone. The following year Mr. Yeats published his *Wanderings of Oisin*. I can recall now the effect produced on my mind by the reading of this book. I had just left college after winning an undeserved honor degree in modern literature. I was more or less capable of appreciating English poetry. I knew Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* almost off by heart. I was totally unprepared for what I found in *The Wanderings of Oisin*. The subjects of the poems were new to me, the verse harmonies unfamiliar. It was my first introduction to the Celtic note in literature. Fortunately the book was given to me by a man whose literary judgment I trusted. I persevered with it, and bewilderment passed into admiration. I note this effect of Mr. Yeats's poetry on my mind, not because it matters in the least to any one how I felt or thought, but because there are many even now to whom the new Irish literature is repellent on account of its strangeness; people who have been educated as I was to understand the English literary tradition

and who find it extremely difficult to understand anything else.

With Mr. Yeats's name must go that of A. E. (Mr. George Russell), whose *Homeward Songs* were published just after *The Wanderings of Oisin*. Mr. Standish O'Grady is the father of our new literature; Mr. Yeats is the most widely known of our writers; but A. E. (the pen name was adopted originally by accident) has set his distinctive mark upon Irish work. It was he more than any other who endowed it with its transcendental quality. From him comes that fondness for universal ideas, as distinguished from merely local and contemporary thought, which gives at once a depth and a vagueness to our poetry. This is no place to write of Mr. Russell's other activities. He is a painter, an economist, a man of business, the editor of a brilliantly witty weekly paper. But he is a man of letters and a poet first of all. Quite possibly his later poetry has suffered from the absorption of his energies in other fields of work. It is given to few men, to no other man in Ireland, to teach political economy, paint pictures, and write mystical lyrics at the same time. It has been said that his earliest volume of verse, the *Homeward Songs*, contains his best poetry. I am not of this opinion. He seems to me to have reached the highest expression of his genius in his later books. *The Gates of Dreamland* and *Hope in Failure*, which are to be found in *The Divine Vision*, are finer than anything in the earlier book. But even if it were true that Mr. Russell's earliest work is his best, his services to literature are not exhausted by his published writings. He is a man of extraordinary prodigality of mind. Ideas, the hoarded gold of others, are scattered by him with amazing profusion. There is probably no Irish writer to-day who does not owe something to the talk of Mr. Russell. Round him men of dif-

ferent talents, striving to express themselves in different ways, gather and get courage, fresh hope, and inspiration. Time was when Irishmen of literary ability left Ireland. It was a barren land for them. It contained no public for their work. Thus Oscar Wilde, George Moore, and G. B. Shaw left Ireland to work elsewhere. Now there is no necessity for men with brains to seek sympathy out of Ireland. They can find all they want in Dublin, and the most prominent figure in this intellectual society is Mr. George Russell.

Both Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell are lyric poets. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the new Irish literature is peculiarly rich in lyric poetry. For these two are masters, and their disciples follow them. Yet, apart altogether from their influence, it is quite natural that a suddenly awakened intellectual vitality, with no literary tradition behind it, should find its expression chiefly in lyrics. Emotion is vivid. The joys and pains of life are sharply felt. The habits of reflection and analysis have not yet had time to form. A lyrical outburst is inevitable. It is characteristic, too, of a period of emotional excitement and rapturous discovery of unsuspected powers that our poets should scatter their work broadcast through the pages of newspapers and periodicals, just as Mr. Russell flings ideas with reckless profusion to chance acquaintances. Very often the authors do not seem to care what happens to their poems. The work of collecting and publishing in book form Ethna Carbery's verses was only completed by plious hands after her death.¹ Miss Alice Milligan's poems have still to be sought out in all sorts of odd places. No collection of

¹ *The Four Winds of Eirinn*, M. H. Gill and Son.

² *The Tower Press Booklets*, First Series, Nos. 2 and 4; Second Series (in preparation), Nos. 1, 2, and 5.

Mr. Rolleston's lyrics exists or of Mr. George Roberts's. We are indebted to the enterprise of Messrs. Maunsell and Co. for little volumes² of Mr. Thomas Koehler's verses, Miss Ella Young's, and Mr. Charles Weekes's. We look to the same publishers to fulfil a promise and give us collections of the poems of Miss Eva Gore-Booth, and Mr. Roberts. In a little anthology entitled *New Songs*³ we find gathered for us lyrics by Paudraig Colum, Susan Mitchell, Seumas O'Sullivan, and others. It is interesting to notice that two papers, more than any others, have achieved a reputation for publishing really beautiful verse. *The United Irishman*, now *Sinn Féin*, and *The Celtic Christmas* are the favorite mediums of publication with our young poets. The Englishman will be struck by this fact as an instance of the unintelligible contrariness of Irish affairs, for the first of these two papers is the organ of the most vehement and extreme Nationalists, the second is the Christmas number of a weekly paper devoted to the interests of co-operative creameries, mutual credit banks and agricultural organization generally. It is as curious to find tender and graceful lyrics in the one, as it would be absurd to expect the dreams of poetical mystics in the other. In reality this is not so queer as it seems. Intellectual life, like misfortune, makes strange bedfellows. The advocates of the *Sinn Féin* policy and the people who are engaged in the work of agricultural organization are more mentally and spiritually awake than any other sections of Irish society. They more than others are eager for new ideas and capable of receiving them. It is quite natural that our young poets should appeal first of all to them. In the present condition of the country, the upper

³ *New Songs*. A lyric selection made by A. E. O'Donoghue and Co., Dublin.

class stagnating in what they have inherited of the culture of two generations ago, and the bulk of the middle class either wholly impervious to ideas or fanatically devoted to some particular fad, it is inevitable that our poets should be doubtful about an appeal to the public in general. It may be hoped, however, that in the pages of the *Shanachie*⁴ some of them may reach a wider public than the pages of a political paper or a Christmas number can offer.

Next to the unmistakably Irish note which predominates in this mass of lyrical poetry, the reader is struck by the direct return to the simplest aspects of human life and the most obvious beauties of nature. Along with this homeliness of subject goes the linking of the great emotions which touch the human soul in its highest moods with very humble things. Here, for example, is a poem of Paudraig Colum's called *The Plougher*, which appears in the anthology just mentioned, *New Songs*.

Sunset and silence; a man; around him
earth savage, earth broken;
Beside him two horses, a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes,
the dawn-man there in the sun-
set!
And the plough that is twin to the
sword, that is founder of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-
breaker! Can't hear? There
are ages between us!
Is it praying you are as you stand
there alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be
nought to you, Earth-child and
Earth-master!
Surely your thoughts are of Pan or of
Wotan or Dana!

"Yet why give thought to the gods?
Has Pan led your brutes where
they stumble?

⁴ A new quarterly miscellany, published by Maunsel and Co., Dublin.

Has Wotan put hands to the plough or
Dana numbed pain of the child-
bed?

"What matter your foolish reply, O
man standing lone and bowed
earthward.
Your task is a day near its close.
Give thanks to the night-giving
God."

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken
lands blend with the savage,
The brute-tamer stands by the brutes,
by a head's breadth only above
them!

A head's breadth, ay, but therein is
Hell's depth and the height up to
Heaven,
And the thrones of the gods, and their
halls and their chariots, purples
and splendors.

The music of these verses is unfamiliar. They are imperfect hexameters, but the author has escaped the dreadful monotony of emphasis, which spoils almost all attempts to render in English the rhythm of the classical metres. Read along with this a little lyric on a similar subject by Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil.⁵

Go, ploughman, plough
the mearing lands,
the meadow lands,
the mountain lands:
all life is bare
beneath your share,
all love is in your lusty hands.

Up, horses, now!
and straight and true
let every broken furrow run:
the strength you sweat
shall blossom yet
in golden glory to the sun.

Both these poems in their cadences, the subject-matter, and their treatment of it are highly characteristic of the new Irish lyrics. I have chosen

⁵ *The Man Child* (p. 8), No. 1 of the *Loch Press Booklets*, March, 1907.

them for quotation rather than the work of more famous writers, not to represent the best that has been done, but because they are very typical of the union of what I may call local homelessness with universal thought.

Another striking feature of our poetry is the appearance now and then of stark ferocity, the amazingly intense expression of the hatred of the Gael for the stranger which underlies all Irish life. The Irish have never forgotten that they are a conquered people. They have never ceased to dream of a revolt against their conquerors. The fact that Irish poets still sing with wholehearted vehemence as Ethna Carbery did in *Donal Mac Seaghain na Mallacht* is a strange comment on the attempts of English statesmen to arrive at a compromise between the idea of a united kingdom and the Irish conception of nationality. The poem is an extraordinary production when one considers that it came from the heart of a tender and beautiful girl. The speaker, Donal, the son of John, of the curses, replies to his mother who has been urging him that love and pity should find some place in his life:—

I look on our smoking valleys,
I gaze on our wasted lands,
I stand by our grass-grown thresholds
And curse their ruffian bands.

I curse them in dark and daylight—
I curse them the hours between
The gray dawn and shadowy night
time
For the sights my eyes have seen.
I curse them awake or sleeping,
I curse them alive or dead,
And, Oh Christ! that my words were
embers
To fall on each Saxon head.

The same note of fierceness runs through Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoll's *A Prophecy*⁶:—

⁶ *The Rushlight* (p. 9). Maunsell and Co., Dublin.

"The loins of the Gaeldacht
Shall wither like grass"—
Strange words I heard said
At the fair of Dún-eas.

"A bard shall be born
Of the seed of the folk,
To break with his singing
The bond and the yoke.

"A sword, white as ashes,
Shall fall from the sky,
To rise, red as blood,
On the charge and the cry.

"Stark pipers shall blow,
Stout drummers shall beat,
And the shout of the North
Shall be heard in the street.

"The strong shall go down,
And the weak shall prevail,
And a glory shall sit
On the sign of the Gaodhal.

"Then Emer shall come
In good time by her own,
And a man of the people
Shall speak from the throne."—

Strange words I heard said
At the fair of Dún-eas—
"The Gaodaldacht shall live,
The Galldacht shall pass!"

Next to its abundance of lyrics the most striking feature of the Irish literary movement is its drama. I leave aside plays written entirely or partly in Gaelic, though some of these, especially Dr. Douglas Hyde's, display great imaginative force and dramatic feeling. The writing of plays in English for Irish audiences received a great impetus when Miss Horniman established the Abbey Theatre. But long before the National Theatre Society found a settled home plays were written and acted in Dublin, and plays like Paudraig Colum's *The Fiddler's House*⁷ and the productions of the Ulster Literary Society⁸ are acted inde-

⁷ Published by Maunsell and Co.

⁸ E.g. *The Pagan*, by Lewis Purcell. Maunsell and Co.

pendently of the Abbey Theatre. The best known of our dramatists is Mr. W. Yeats. His genius is in reality more lyrical than dramatic. The best of his plays, *The Shadowy Waters*,⁹ has strong dramatic situations, and in its latest form should be highly effective on the stage, but it claims our admiration chiefly on account of the lyrical beauty of certain passages of the dialogue. Another play of his which is rich in fine spectacular effects, *The Countess Kathleen*, has never been popular in Ireland. *The King's Threshold* gives us a great situation worked up to a moving and heroic climax. The early days of the Irish theatre saw the production of Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field*, a work more purely dramatic in conception and treatment than many of the plays which have been produced. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Martyn has ceased to write plays. Lady Gregory and Mr. William Boyle have also written plays which have been staged with good effect.¹⁰ By far the boldest and most original of our Irish dramatists is Mr. Synge. It is unfortunate that two of his plays—*The Shadow of the Glen* and *The Playboy of the Western World*—have excited fierce controversy in Ireland. The only work of his which has been received with real popular approval is the intensely moving one-act play, *Riders to the Sea*. It is creditable to the Irish public that this play should be appreciated as it has been. It is a tragedy, not relieved but intensified by grim touches of the commonplace. It is severe and restrained, not at all what a popular audience might be expected to appreciate. It is less creditable to the Irish people that they wrangled about *The Shadow of the Glen*, and worked themselves up to actual frenzy over *The Playboy of the Western World*. Yet they were not

wholly without excuse. The latter play is very difficult to understand, as difficult as Ibsen was at first to English audiences. After a while we shall get to know Mr. Synge better, and pay to his genius the tribute of enthusiastic admiration which it deserves. In the meanwhile it must be his consolation that men do not become fanatics for the sake of the commonplace, and that no work without merit ever earned the distinction of columns of abuse in the daily Press, or had resolutions passed condemning it by Boards of Guardians. It is prophets, not charlatans, whom the multitude stoned.

In prose literature, and especially in fiction, the Irish literary movement is comparatively weak. We have only one novelist of first-rate importance, Mr. George Moore, and most of his fiction was written out of Ireland before he felt the inspiration of the new movement. His later work has, it will be generally admitted, benefited by his return to Ireland. In *Sister Teresa* there are traces of Irish influence, but *The Untilled Field*, a book more suggestive than any of the author's earlier work, contains the first fruits of his feeling for Ireland. I suppose that *The Lake*, which is Irish through and through, will be reckoned hereafter Mr. George Moore's finest novel. Considering his great ability and his high literary standing, it is curious to note that Mr. Moore has had almost no influence on Irish prose writing. It is perhaps possible to trace something of his spirit in Mr. Synge's non-dramatic work, his *Aran Islands*, and his essays published in *The Shanachie* and elsewhere. But Mr. Synge is too virile and original a writer to be much influenced by any one, even Mr. Moore. The few other novelists whom the movement has produced have gone their

⁹ Many of the plays produced at the Abbey Theatre have been published in *The Abbey Theatre Series*. Maunsell and Co.

¹⁰ Published in *Poems, 1899–1905*. Bullen and Co.

own way. Miss Emily Lawless cannot, either as poet or novelist, be reckoned a product of the new intellectual life of the country. Mr. Shan Bullock, Miss Jane Barlow, and Mr. Seumas McManus have done excellent work, but our fiction falls a long way below the standard of our poetry or our drama. Good novels are the product of a mature literature, not of a movement in its infancy, and the temptation to appeal to an English, rather than a purely Irish, public is likely for many years to come to prove too strong for writers who look to earn money by their books. Miss Louise Kenny and Mr. Buckley, alone among our younger novelists, have struck an entirely fresh and purely Irish note in their books. Her *Redhaired Woman* was a first effort, and was marred by a certain redundancy of style, but an atmosphere of high romance is steadily maintained, and it is likely that Miss Kenny will do much better work in future. Mr. Buckley's *Cambria Carty*, published the other day, gives evidence of originality and power.

We have, besides our novelists, several writers of good prose of a distinctively Irish kind. Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell—these two names meet us everywhere in the study of Irish literature—have written deeply suggestive and fascinating essays. They might both be reckoned great prose writers if they had not chosen rather to be numbered among the poets. Akin to them in spirit and form is Lady Gregory. Her name has already been mentioned as one of the Abbey Theatre dramatists, but it is on her books rather than her plays that her fame will rest. She has tried the curious experiment of using Gaelic idiom in English prose; and, dealing with purely Irish subjects, has created a style very sympathetic with her matter. She has made the ancient heroic

legends live as they never did before in English.

It is necessary to mention three other detached prose writers, all of them possessed of a distinctive style, and all of them original. "John Eglinton" (to use the writer's pseudonym) is the author of several volumes of essays. His *Pebbles from a Brook* was published by Mr. Standish O'Grady as one of the volumes of *The Library of the North*. Other essays appeared in the short-lived periodical *Dana*, some of which have been re-published in one of the series of *Tower Press Booklets*. Mr. Eglinton's prose gives the impression of being written with extreme care. It is packed with thought to such an extent as to run the risk of occasional obscurity. He will probably never find a very large public, but his readers, if few, will be "fit," and it is likely that his influence will be wide, working outwards through others to people whom he will fail to reach directly. Sir Horace Plunkett would probably lay no claim to be a man of letters. He writes primarily with a view to propagating his economic and social ideas, and, even with the example of Ruskin before us, it is difficult to think of political economy and sociology as having any connection with literature. But Sir Horace Plunkett has a prose style of his own. His book, *Ireland in the New Century*, is illuminated with delightful humor, and is extraordinarily lucid, so lucid that the reader is tempted by the mere simplicity of the writing to suppose that he has always been familiar with ideas which are really new to him. It is safe to say that if everybody in Ireland had not been occupied in abusing, and everybody in England in praising, the teaching of the book, the author would before this have found recognition as a writer of literary merit. If it is difficult to think of an economist as a literary man, it is still harder

to give the title to a political journalist. Yet Mr. Arthur Griffith pours out week after week in the columns of his paper, *Sinn Féin*, prose of a very high order of merit. He has published nothing in book form. His reputation rests so far entirely on a couple of pamphlets and his weekly articles, written as such things must be, hurriedly. He is the inheritor of John Mitchell's iron style and sledge-hammer methods. He has something also of Swift's bald simplicity of appalling statement. In all probability neither Sir Horace Plunkett nor Mr. Griffith would care to write for writing's sake. They write to convert people to their ideas and ways of looking at pressing problems. All mere graces and elegances are sacrificed cheerfully by the one to the desire of being persuasive, by the other to a passion for annihilating knaves and fools. But both of them have

The Fortnightly Review.

achieved, in spite of themselves, literary distinction.

There are other names which ought to be mentioned in any complete account of Irish prose writing, Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Lord Dunsany, Miss McManus, Miss Mary Butler; but enough has been said to show that as yet we have no coherent tradition of prose. Our poets and our dramatists form groups. It is possible to classify them. Our prose is like waves where cross tides meet each other at an angle and meet the wind, which do not run together or make in any one direction. Perhaps it is too soon to expect the forming of any school of Irish prose writing. A newly-awakened literary spirit finds its natural expression in lyric and drama. It is only after the first raptures are over that a period of calm reflection comes and a great prose style is evolved by the labors of many writers.

George A. Birmingham.

THE CANT ABOUT RICHES.

The Bishop of Chichester has recently defended the rich against attack. "They are the target," he wrote, "at which every one who is not rich thinks he has a right to shoot his arrows. All rich people are not 'smart,' just as certainly all 'smart' people are not rich, though they try to live as if they were. Divorce Courts are not kept open by the vices of the rich, and the analysis of statistics proves that the breaking of the Seventh Commandment is not a sin that belongs exclusively, or mainly, to the rich." It is not a grateful task for a minister of Him who said that a camel could go through the eye of a needle more easily than a rich man could enter the Kingdom of God, to defend the rich man. Let us say no

more than that the defence is liable to be misunderstood; but the Bishop of Chichester accepts the risk of misunderstanding for what seems to us to be a good enough reason. Notice that he does not say that the rich are more virtuous than other people, or even that they are virtuous at all. All he says in substance is that they are not vicious in proportion to their wealth; that wealth is not the measure of vice, or necessarily a sign of vice. This, in our opinion, was well worth saying. We live in an age of ready-made judgments; and the speed at which a few scattered *dicta* on some cognate subjects may come fortuitously together, and develop into a cant as detrimental to the character of those who use it as it is unfair to those against whom it

is used, is positively alarming. To-day the popular preacher, the theatre, and the Socialist at his open-air meeting all employ a certain cant about the rich. This cant is a new form of Pharisaism. Far be it from us to try to make out a case for the rich man as being better than age-long experience has proved him to be; we are ready to believe that he is even worse. Are we not all miserable sinners? What we join the Bishop of Chichester in protesting against is the smug assumption that the rich are the "awful example" of the community, and that by the practice of holding up one's hands over them in righteous horror one acquires a kind of merit, or even protects oneself against sin, as though by an incantation. The Bishop of Chichester appears to do no more, then, than remind a canting generation that the same Book which condemns the rich and promises salvation to the poor also denounces Pharisaism, and tells those who would cast stones that they must first be sure that they are guiltless themselves. He sees a principle taken out of its context and applied with unthinking and rather self-righteous looseness, and he puts it back in its context; he demands a restored sense of proportion. That is all.

History, even in recent times, shows as a matter of hard fact that wealth in Great Britain is not flagrantly misused. Bacon, in slyly warning his readers against those who pretend to despise riches, remarks that no people make worse use of riches when they acquire them. And that inexorable test would be no more merciful if it were applied to-day. Those who condemn the rich would beyond question do more harm with wealth to themselves and others than is done now by a rich class, of whom the greater part have inherited certain responsibilities, inseparable from their fortune, or have

developed a self restraint in the very process which laboriously built up their capital. We are thinking, of course, of types of rich men, not of the exceptions. There are some who have grown rich by a few *coups*; but their very notoriety proves their singular good luck when it does not point to their want of scruple. *Qui festinat ad divitias non erit insons.* An Englishman who inherits wealth which is more than a couple of generations old generally takes over with it so many obligations to public service which are tied up inextricably with the property that he cannot well rid himself of them without a public avowal of sloth and turpitude that would be comparable with the act of a soldier who ran away from danger in full view of his comrades. We have heard of rich men who did run away; but does any one argue that their shirking was characteristic? We have put the case in this way because, although we see no reason to claim any peculiar virtue for the rich, on the other hand we must refuse to deny them whatever credit may be due to them for quietly falling in with their circumstances. Dr. Johnson remarked that great ladies are more virtuous than maidservants, and, of course, he admitted that it would be a shame indeed if they were not. Just as great ladies have far less excuse for being wicked than maidservants have, so have the rich, as a class, been educated into better habits than the poor. Yet the canters of to-day would have us believe, not that the rich are worse than the poor in proportion to their temptations, but that they are actually worse. One is reminded of the Jacobins, whose own outrages escaped their own notice. Everything they did seemed like righteousness because it was done under the aegis of an inspiring motto. The stranger who arrives in the midst of such conditions, with a mind not pre-

disposed to any particular judgment, can alone see how serious the declension from truth and common-sense has become. Thus it was an American, Gouverneur Morris, United States Minister in Paris during the French Revolution, who wrote that he had come to the conclusion that there were just as many scoundrels outside coaches as there were inside.

The Bishop of Chichester touches a truth capable of expansion when he says that all "smart" people are not rich. We read some time ago the statement of a well-known English-woman that one great change she noticed in society after a long experience was the growing pretensions of people who were not rich. The young bride whose household was supported on five hundred pounds a year thought it perfectly natural to wear jewels which might have been suitable as the indication of a considerable fortune, and which a generation before would not have been displayed by any one in her circumstances. Again, we do think that the standard of luxury among well-to-do, but not noticeably rich, people has been forced up inexcusably in recent years. If it were not so, we imagine that the expensive temples of gastronomy which are growing in number, and which more and more entice people to dine away from their

The Spectator.

homes, would not be able to keep their doors open. So long, however, as the British tradition of public service remains, our richest people will be saved from the worst incitements to folly and selfishness which beset the man who inherits money without rooted responsibility. Americans are as good as we are by nature, but English practice makes grotesque expenditure less easy here than it is with them. The rich young American who has been brought up to regard politics as a dirty trade is rather like Carlyle's "Emperor in furnished lodgings." He has power without the restraining environment of power. One need only examine the list of wills published every year to see, moreover, how many persons there are in England who have enjoyed large fortunes, and yet have never used them to emerge from a self-respecting obscurity into a vulgar notoriety such as is always purchasable. Our reflections must not be taken as an invitation to the rich to be worse than they are, but only as an exhortation to all against cant. As Mr. Honeywood promised, after his cure by disillusionment, that he would reserve his pity in future for real distress and his friendship for real merit, so it would be advisable for every one now to condemn the wickedness of a whole class only after very careful examination.

THE VERDURE OF LONDON.

It was the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, who paid more attention to the practical details of life than most men, that the best way to "see London" was to go on the top of an omnibus. This was said with a thought of the architecture and the moving life of the place. Nowadays, of course, a considerable proportion of the people, at any given moment of the day, are

working, eating, drinking, and travelling at more or less of a depth below the surface of the ground. And there are other considerations. A man who wanted to know the inmost ascertainable truth about the life of the seven millions of Londoners who are packed about the Thames to-day would have to arrange for a long tour with Asmodeus, the reprehensible fiend who

can show you men's lives within their houses; for London, owing to its people's temper, and, springing from that, its unique poverty in opportunities for public living and enjoyment, is the most secret of European capitals. But there is one aspect of London as a city, London as the material shell of a huge human organism, that can be seen neither from an omnibus, nor any other point in the visible crust of our planet. To perceive it one must get off the earth and take one's observations from the welkin; charter a balloon, in fact. The aeronaut who has sailed over great cities in the daylight notes a peculiar and marked feature in London. It is checked and spotted with green—green in dots or patches or great sprawling spaces—like no other town of royal rank.

Imagine him hanging high above St. Paul's, busy with his binoculars. Wherever he turns, it is the same. Westward, it is true, the greater spaces of green run almost due north and south in a long line, linked up by hundreds of smaller squares and gardens showing English grass; a line close up to his position—Hampstead Heath, Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Battersea Park, Clapham Common, Tooting Common—while eastward he has to look across a long stretch from Hackney Marshes and Victoria Park to Greenwich. But apart from the large tracts the east side has its share of the characteristic peppering of green that is thicker on the west. Cemeteries and infirmary gardens and workhouse gardens do their melancholy best to replace the great squares of the wealthier side; and there are pathetic little "recreation grounds" and small spaces saved for the lightening and oxygenating of London squalor by good men or well-advised authorities. Within the County of London the Council administers more than four thousand acres of "open spaces." Nearly a

twelfth part of the whole area of Greater London lies in parks, commons, squares, and other sites for the cultivation of trees, plants, and, above all, turf.

"Nothing," said the great Lord Verulam, "is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." He had his ideas on that and other horticultural matters carried out in the grave gardens of Gray's Inn, "altogether reserved and law-breathing" as Lamb found them. There he built a summer-house on "a fair mount" from which he had "an uninterrupted prospect of the neighboring fields as far as the hills of Highgate and Hampstead." This from Gray's Inn! It was three hundred years ago. But it was little more than a century back that Sir Samuel Romilly found his chambers chilly because there was "only one row of houses" between the Inn and Hampstead, and "a northwest wind blew full against" his wall. So the town has grown in the nineteenth century, eating up the fields to north, south, east, and west. But the gardens where "Bacon left the impress of his foot" remain, and so do a thousand other oases, great and small, in the huge desert of bricks. Every tiny patch of grass at the back of the smallest unit of jerrybuilding is a mouthful spared in the great devouring of the country-side, a witness to the unwillingness of the English to break completely with the land. Your Continental town-dweller does not do the thing by halves. He is a city bird pure and simple; he is content to dwell in his barrackish block of flats, with asphalt behind it and a door opening upon the street.

The Emperor William has just been confiding to a Munich worthy the all-highest wish that the German townsman would take to "the dwelling-house system," which he finds so *heimlich* and *bequem* among the English.

The wish is a pious one, but his Majesty knows well that his urban subjects have not got the little-house-with-a-bit-of-garden feeling, and that if they had, it would not run to it. "The dwelling-house system" is an expensive thing. By virtue of good wages, taking in a lodger, and desiring it very strongly, the decent artisan's household can have it in London; and a myriad forlorn little patches of green behind and before a myriad gloomy little houses add their tiny voices to the great chorus of color that goes up to the sky from London. Perhaps the music might be clearer. "Green" is a relative term, and the green of Tower Hamlets cemetery is not the green of Parliament Hill, nor the green of Parliament Hill the green of Grasmere. But green it is, and may it ever be so. Away with Mr. Wells's vision of a London totally roofed in, rainless and windless, lighted artificially by day as well as by night! Smokeless our town may one day be, and then so much the brighter the prospect for that admiring aeronaut. When the shower of sooty and tarry matters, of sulphuric acid, ashes, and mineral dust has ceased to blight our shrubs and hurt our trees and color our grass to a dingy tone of the hue of hope, the true wonderfulness of the garden spaces of our capital will be apparent to the heavens and all in them.

The story and the praise of *London Parks and Gardens*¹ is told by the Hon. Mrs Evelyn Cecil in a fine volume having some forty illustrations in color and otherwise by Lady Victoria Manners. It is a notable and worthy addition to the immeasurable literature of London. Mrs. Cecil has explored; she has gone into the history of the older parks and gardens; she has tracked down and visited grimy "recreation grounds" of recent laying-out hidden in the grimiest quarters; she has found out how

to have quite a country-like life of it in the town, flitting from one rural scene to another. "With a railway time-table, a good eye for color in selecting the right omnibus, and a knowledge of the points of the compass, every green patch in London can be reached with ease." What her work misses in elaboration on the historical side it makes up for by its comprehensiveness. About six months ago a fascinating history of the squares of London appeared, in which Mr. Beresford Chancellor dealt in a full and leisurely manner with the associations and traditions of those most characteristic of all the London garden-spaces, the enclosed yet visible sacrifices of the builder to Nature that are the peculiar glory of Bloomsbury and Belgravia, and are dotted about in such duller neighborhoods as Camden Town and Kensington and Southwark. Mrs. Cecil disposes of the squares in a chapter, "a faint sketch," she calls it, of their history; for she has undertaken to deal with all the parks as well, and the commons, greens, burial-grounds and noticeable gardens of all London into the bargain. Along with the history and sociology of her subject, Mrs. Cecil gives the reader a good deal of horticultural lore. To several sorts of reader her book offers pleasant reading. Necessarily, though, it is history that has the upper hand, and on almost every page one finds some curious witness of the way the gardens, small and great, have grown. We are reminded of the delightful fact that the Bank of England itself, the heart of the world's finance, encloses a peaceful and beautiful garden, once the churchyard of the absorbed parish of St. Christopher-le-Stocks. We learn that Holborn was once a favorable place for vineyards, and that the name of Vine Street is significant of the forgotten culture of the grape by the Bishops of Ely in

¹ London: Constable. 21s. net.

their London residence. We hear how the garden of the Drapers Company, once that of Thomas Cromwell, was increased and made a goodly domain by a simple method truly characteristic of that great man's genius; he enclosed a large tract out of his humbler neighbors' gardens when they adjoined his

The Outlook.

own, and tacitly dared them to raise any objection—"No man durst goe to argue the matter," said Stowe. Of such glimpses into the rich and confused past of London the book is full; and it gives, above all, a comprehensive view of the great city's singular good quality, the multitude of its verdant spaces.

THE B.A. AT WORK.

Being an imaginary extension, wholly without prejudice, of the following advertisement from a morning paper:-

TO DEBUTANTES. — Lady B.A. (London Honors) desires PUPILS in Literature; she gives instruction in all conversational topics of current interest, plays, books, poetry, &c. No lady is educated in these days unless thoroughly versed in literature, and able to apply it in conversation.—Address, B.A., &c., Bayswater.

The B.A. *log*.

We will turn this afternoon to Literature, in which, as my advertisement states, one must be thoroughly versed in order to be considered educated. We will begin with *Mrs. Humphry Ward*, whose novels are almost the only ones written by a living woman which it is absolutely necessary to read or to know something of. Of *Miss Corelli*, on the contrary, it is permissible to know nothing, however much you may care for her stories in the privacy of your boudoir. Indeed, it is perhaps better that you should disclaim any knowledge of this authoress, in spite of her popularity and her remarkable gifts. Perhaps your best attitude is one of amused aloofness. "Ah, yes," you may say, when a partner is so ill-advised as to mention her latest work—"ah, yes, I have seen her name on title-pages, I think." Then add: "Was not she the favorite authoress of *Queen Victoria*?"—this with a

merry little laugh, not in the least disloyal, but as an indication that, after all, great rulers of Empire may not necessarily be good judges of literature, and indeed are forgivable when they err in that direction.

If by any chance your partner is an enthusiast for the lady, and goes on to defend her, you may remark genially that you are always frightened of numbers, and to read in a crowd ruins all your pleasure.

Very much the same kind of temper I would recommend with respect to *Mr. Hall Caine*, who is of course *banal* through and through. It is now very much the thing to greet his name with a chuckle of amusement. "Ah, yes," you may say in this connection, "wasn't it he of whom some one said that he always wrote at the top of his voice?" "Some one" is wisest when speaking to the ordinary person; but if your partner seems to be more advanced say "poor Oscar."

But to return to *Mrs. Humphry Ward*. It is well to have a few adjectives ready for reply to the question, "What do you think of her?" or "Why do you like her?" Useful phrases will be "More like *George Eliot* than *Jane Austen*, I always think"; and "Such a wonderful gift for what one might call intellectual emotion." And "Of course one could wish sometimes that her characters had a brisker pulse; but, after all, so much of life is equable,

is it not?" These three sentences should carry you through safely enough.

Before I pass on to deal with other novelists—for, of course, literature in our sense of the word means little but fiction—I would point out to you how necessary it is at the outset to decide which class of literary talkers you wish to join—those who claim to have read everything, or those who tell the truth. Both are right enough; but to claim to have read all is a pose that requires rather a deal of skill to keep it up. The compensation of course is in your brilliant reputation.

To those of you who choose to affect to know all I can offer some useful advice. Take in the literary papers and those papers that have good literary pages, such as *The Telegraph* on Wednesdays and Fridays, and *The Times* and *The Post* on Thursdays. Read the reviews carefully. It will take half an hour a morning, but it will be time well spent. From each review you will take away some trifling but significant fact, which will save, if it does not increase, your reputation during the day. But if you have missed the review altogether and, having admitted that you have read a book that you have never seen, are at

Punch.

a loss over an allusion to it, you should hold your head for a moment in a puzzled way, and then implore your partner to remind you of the plot, as you have such a shocking memory. Most men are so keen to be listened to that he will make it very easy for you; but if he is a bad talker yet a severe cross-examiner you had better let something that he says remind you of something else, and turn the subject. Of course a mischievous, suspicious man could no doubt catch you out at once; but these men are rare, and you would probably be clever enough to see a danger-signal, and act accordingly.

I may close this lecture with a few general remarks which you will find useful. Thus:

"What a pity that *Hardy* now writes so little."

"One could wish that *Chesterton* was not quite so brilliant. If only he were less clever he might be so good."

"A great deal of nonsense is talked about *Meredith's* obscurity."

"I wish that *Mr. Heddle* would return to his earlier manner."

"Few recent stories have so moved me as *The Garden of Allah*."

"I tried *Three Weeks*, but it was too silly."

THE LANGUAGE OF FINE CLOTHES.

One has often thought it a pity Trench did not give up a chapter in his book "The Study of Words" to that bastard English that calls a house "a residence," and deals in swelling and pretentious phrases. He had much to say about the "immorality" of various English words. But is there not "Immorality" in a way of speech or writing which dresses up naked commonplace, things obvious and ordinary, in what the speaker or writer intends to parade as the purple of lan-

guage? Here is an example of the kind of thing we mean. When the treaty was made between England and Russia, the "Spectator" began its notes with: "We tender to Sir Edward Grey our hearty congratulations on," etc. Script of verbiage this merely meant that the writer did what thousands of us no doubt were doing without pomposity. It amounted to "We congratulate Sir Edward Grey"—or "We heartily congratulate Sir Edward Grey"—"on the treaty between Eng-

land and Russia." A plain thing, quite, which ought surely to be put in the plainest, shortest English. Why then introduce the image conveyed in a solemn periphrasis about "tendering"? What will Smith think of Jones if, when they meet in the street to-morrow morning, Jones, instead of saying "Good morning, Mr. Smith," strikes an attitude and, with his hand on his heart, exclaims, "Suffer me, Mr. Smith, at this juncture to say to you—Good morning"? Or suppose Jones had just got into the Government; what would he think if Smith, instead of saying, "I congratulate you heartily, Mr. Jones," were solemnly to inflate himself and slowly out with—"I beg to tender to you, Mr. Jones, my hearty congratulations on the announcement that you have obtained a seat in his Majesty's Government"? Jones would think, "What a solemn ass the man is! He is trying to make something exceptional out of the most ordinary congratulations." But, happily, a spade is simply a spade in ordinary talk. English people do not—out of print—try to invest with solemn rites their most ordinary acts and thoughts. We remember hearing a political leader—now in the Government—speak with cold contempt of this bad habit of trying ore rotundo and by regal-seeming language to make your ordinary seem extraordinary. He took for his text the saying—sometimes seen in print—that some man or other appeared "in faultless evening attire," instead of "came in evening dress."

One agreed with him, of course, that the phrase was ludicrous. Hardly the imagination of a maid-servant will conjure up visions of black-coat and white shirt faultlessness. But "faultless evening attire" is not one of the worst offenders. It is an empty-headed thing, chatter of the novelette, nothing more. There is no solemn assumption of extra virtue and responsibility about it, as

there is about so many of these swell-head phrases. It hardly gulls the most gullible. The same might be said of the expression "succulent bivalve," about which so much fun has been made. We have taken it as a familiar specimen, but would not make too much of it. Probably the man who invented it had no idea beyond that of avoiding the repetition of the word "oyster" several times in the same sentence. A far grosser sinner is a phrase like "select seminary for young ladies" or "high-class establishment," which is—or was—used by masters and mistresses to convey the idea that theirs is not an ordinary "girls' school." There is no insincerity in "succulent bivalve" for "oyster"; but the insincerity about "select seminary for young ladies" is rank, smelling to Heaven. "A nobleman's seat"—that is a displeasing phrase, found in a certain type of directory or guide-book; "residence" for "house," "resides at" for "lives at," "obsequies" for "burial"—a vulgarity of mind lurks in these. The odd thing is that the people who are in the habit of using this kind of language believe that by its use they are avoiding vulgarity. We recall a tutor's wife once saying to one of the pupils, "Oh, Mr.—, please don't talk of 'looking-glass.' It is so inelegant. I have always understood it is to be correctly described as 'a mirror.'"

To all this some people may reply, "What does it matter? Why not let the 'Spectator' say 'select seminary' instead of 'school,' 'mirror' instead of 'looking-glass'—if it chooses? Why not let it 'tender its congratulations' instead of simply 'congratulating'? Why not let people 'reside' at a seat if they prefer doing that to 'living' at a house? It is a mere question as to style, and you are fastidious in objecting to these words and expressions." But that is not so. It is no question of style or fastidiousness. As for style, why, it

is a million miles away. It does not come into the discussion at all. Nor do we plead for bald English at all times. On the contrary, distinction of phrase and a nice—and sometimes even a curious—choice of words and metaphor are most welcome. Without them there must be literary stagnation. Metaphor, simile, synonym let there be by all means. Writing is an art, and these are the means by which it is cultivated. But this is a very different thing from uttering your commonplaces with such pomp and ritual as persuade gulls that you are making a "pronouncement" of great weight. Portentousness, where there is no portent, disgusts. Bombast, where there is no bomb, disgusts. Swelling words, where there is no need to swell, disgust. The man who "testifies to his approbation" of us instead of approving us or who "tenders his congratulations" is too much for flesh and blood:

Who would not laugh if such a man
there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were
he?

We should show to the door a man who often did this sort of thing; or at least say "Not at home" to him. Why then should we not show to the waste-paper basket or back of the fire a book

The Saturday Review.

or a paper that sinned in this way? The humbugging exordium is gradually disappearing from public speech. In the House of Commons a man is done for who rises solemnly, places his hand on his breast and begins: "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I rise on this occasion in order to," etc., "and I think, Sir, that I shall only be expressing the very general feeling of this House when I remark that the speech just delivered by the right honorable gentleman" etc. Only Emperors and Dictators can do this sort of thing without arousing ridicule; and as a fact they don't do it. The spectacle of an ordinary person "expressing," in print or by word of mouth, "a sense of his approbation," or "begging to tender his heartiest congratulations," ought to be ludicrous enough even to a man who never saw a joke in his life. But the absurdity of it is not the worst part. The point is that these phrases sacrifice truth. They claim for the thing uttered a significance, a weight, which it does not possess. The words, in their look of bursting import, are out of all proportion to the worth of the thing said or written. This is what we mean by "immorality." The sense is different from Trench's, but the grievance is as real and serious as any he had against word sinning.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

It is not until December is well advanced that the scenery of British woodlands is at length dominated by the pure and varied tracery of the leafless branches. Before the gales of early winter the last russet leaves have vanished from the crowns of the oaks, where they lingered longest; and now, except for the few saplings and low bushes of oak and beech which will retain their dead leaves until

spring, and for the dark, evergreen trees which glow in the winter landscape with deepened but still sober intensity, the woodlands are wholly disengaged at last of the foliage of the outworn year, and stand naked in still expectation. If once we will rid ourselves of the relics of the old conventional idea that winter in nature is a time of desolation and squalor, and will study the woods with

Just and unprejudiced eyes, we shall be forced to recognize that they have a far more delicate and varied beauty in late December than they had all through the long weeks of later summer, when their verdure had become monotonous and dim. The beauty of the trees in mid-winter owes nothing to the adornment of blossom or leaf. It depends on the strong, underlying elements of structure and line, and has thus a purer and austerer charm than any which spring can give, or gorgeous and flaming October. Nor does the beauty of the December woodland need the external aid of sunshine and blue sky. The black and elbowed tracery of the crossing oak boughs, or the sensitive filaments of the outer branches of the wych-elm, are never seen in such a perfect and enhancing setting as against the grave, gray skies that show no break or change from dawn to dusk.. Beside loveliness so sober and self-contained there seems something cloying and sensuous in the memory of the luxuriant vegetation of May, and a turbulent and almost demented violence about October's fury and fire.

So far from a tree being chiefly recognizable by its leaves, the differences of growth and habit between our native deciduous species are never so subtly perceptible as when the boughs are bare. Among the trees of the winter landscape there is also a noteworthy readjustment of values, as compared with their aspect in the verdant months; new beauties appear in unexpected places, and the objects of the highest summer admiration sink sometimes into a place of lessened esteem. The beech is saved from discredit, when deprived of the more superficial beauty of its leaves, by the majesty of its vast, smooth bole, and clean, springing limbs. As the ramifications lessen, the strength and purity of the beech's lines degenerate, un-

til the small, leaf-bearing twigs all round its head often become a mere crowded sheaf of lanky and feeble sprays. There is feebleness, too, in winter about the characteristic lines of the elm; the noble contours of its upper boughs in summer do not survive the falling of the leaf, and the rather meagre and undistinguished tracery of the lesser boughs is unworthy of the stature and dignity of the trunk and larger limbs. When the concealment of the leaves is gone, it is easy to detect the elm as a top-heavy giant, and weak upon his legs. The lines of the oak, on the other hand, are full of strength and varied resource to the very tip of the last rough, jutting spur, and the tree, being thoroughly stanch and individual from root to crown, is even more beautiful in its winter bareness than when it wears the garb of summer, which often hides more beauty than it bestows. The attraction of foliage in trees is doubtless due in large measure to its being so closely associated, not only with the pleasure of warm weather and sunny skies, but with all the prosperous fruitfulness of summer and harvest-time. There is little doubt, for instance, that in the case of the wych-elm its actual beauty of line and even of color is greater in winter than in summer. In summer it has a conventional, rounded form, and its foliage is undistinctive and dull. In winter, on the other hand, no tree displays the more feminine qualities of grace and delicacy in perfect fulness with so little sacrifice of virile strength. In a shapely wych-elm, the furrowed, buttressed trunk and tall, upspringing limbs form a perfect expression of graceful and balanced power; while the lines of the lighter branches are as lovely as those of the large, and the smallest outer twigs seem to tremble upon the air like delicate organs of perception. The hint

of stubborn strength which gives so much of their character to the sky-traced lines of the oak's upper boughs can best be realized by comparing it with such trees as the walnut and the plane. The boughs of both these trees, like those of the oak, are conspicuous for their crooks and curves; but they have a sinuousness of a very different kind. Walnut branches seem to writhe simply for writhing's sake; and the softer and easier curves of that other introduced species, the plane, seem in an equal degree to be purely decorative in purpose. But with the oak it is wholly different. Each crook and elbow is braced against the assaults of the wind into an angle of tough resistance; there is a prop or a fibrous spring ready placed for succor, however the gale may wrench or tug at the boughs. When the wind is violent in the roof of the wood, the oak branches can be seen fighting the storm with a different motion from that of softer trees. There is none of that long, pendulous swing of top or boughs, which is seen in the elm, or the black poplar, or the pine; the branches move continually, but yield little in any one direction, and dance and rattle like steel. The oak's least twig has a resilience and a toughness which alter the music of the air; there is no soughing of the wind in a winter oakwood, in the full sense of that long, Æolian rise and fall which streams from a black crest of pines, or from the elm clump in a wide Western pasture. Louder still is the rattle—almost like the sound of hail on a metal roof—of the tough, blunt spurs of the ash; but the ash wins in the fight with the winter gales by divesting itself of ornament, whereas the oak knows how to combine ornament with strength. In winter, too, we learn to pay fuller attention to the bark of trees, which is as different in every species as the lines of the boughs.

Given a square foot of bark from a well-grown specimen, the observer of winter trees could name them as easily as he could from the sight of the naked boughs or summer leaf. How the wych-elm's bark differs from the elm's in its lower ridges and more closely parallel furrows, or the hornbeam's from the beech's, from the appearance as of a wrestler's straining sinews beneath the skin-like rind; these and many other differences, hard to describe in words, but unmistakable to the eye as it gains in knowledge, are all part of the life of nature which is observed most easily and fully in the tranquillity of the mid-winter days, when the woods are stripped of the veils and the distractions of summer.

It is the strong and temperate beauty of the bare lines of the trees which is most in accord with the gray, even days of English winter, when there is so little obvious attraction in the climate, but so wholesome and temperate a satisfaction. Yet in the darkest December weather, when there is, as yet, not even the glitter of snow and frost to give a harder brilliance to the light, the mild sunshine will sometimes break through the clouds in the heart of the day; and then its low light strikes from the winter world a sparing brilliance of color which is surprising in its fugitive richness. In the hillside wood, the huge trunks and smooth boughs of the beeches shine in silver over the heaps of russet bracken; the packed larch-crowns in the covert glow to a light and ochreous red, and the ripe berries of the scattered hollies sparkle brightly over their glittering, spring coils. Already in the hair-like crest of the willows, whether pollarded or free-growing, the heightening of the light reveals in the glossy bark a tint of kindling green; and where the level wands of the osier-bed stand ranked in a close thicket, they burn forth with the banded crim-

son and orange that is the most brilliant of all mid-winter displays. Such landscapes under the mild winter sunshine have all the delicacy of a moonlight picture in the flowery woods of spring, with the added reality of the day; and when the colors kindle to such pure and equable splendor in the fugitive noons, the mind that is attuned to their winter simplicity almost marvels at the memory of the same woods in the press of their mid-summer life, as at something tropical and overpowering.

In the brief and quiet days at the winter solstice the life of the woods seems only half to awaken between one long night and the next, and their whole aspect is one of peace. The innumerable leaves of autumn, which a month ago were still drifting and flying in every hollow, have now been packed by wind and rain into deep matted carpets, and are already resolving into the mould. The life of woodland animals and birds flows on with diminished volume. The birds are few in numbers, except, perhaps, when some vast flock of immigrant wood pigeons settles nightly in some thick cover of firs; and the ardor of their vitality is lowered in the ebbing of the year, before the longer light stirs in them once more the activity and passion of the mating season. When the songthrush is heard in the mild, soft weather, it seems only to emphasize the prevailing silence, by the contrasted association of the multitudinous chorus of spring; and when the pheasants raise their roosting-clamor at nightfall in the boughs, it seems to echo through a naked and empty world. Complete hibernation is rare among animals in Britain, compared with the unfailing regularity of the winter sleep of many species in more rigorous climates. Yet the rustling run and shrill pipe of vole and fieldmouse, so constantly present in

the summer thickets, are now heard but seldom; the squirrel moves only on the milder days, and of all the bats which peopled the summer dusk, only the common pipistrelle is sometimes seen hawking in the full light of the warmest afternoons, when a few insects can still be found abroad.

The deep sense of peace which fills the woods at midwinter is nowhere expressed more fully than where a sylvan lake or pool reflects with calm surface the grayness of the patient skies. Stained by the autumn scourings of the hills, and the decay of innumerable leaves, the water is rarely clear and bright, as when it mirrors the clearer heavens of spring and summer; it gleams to the slanting light that strikes between denser masses of cloud in tints of yellowish suffusion from the rain-scoured clay, or in a strange jade-green opaqueness. Where the naked trees upon the margin of the lake project the whole length of their reflection upon its unmoved water, they present an impression of enormous columnar height, such as can never be equalled after the leaves of the summer add substance to the lines of their upper boughs. This winter spectacle of sleeping water and mirrored timber has been introduced into many unfamiliar places by the great floods of this month.

Very soon after the New Year, the increased brightness about 4 o'clock on some clear afternoon makes it suddenly unmistakable that the year has turned in its path, and has its face set again towards summer. When once the afternoons begin to lighten, the sense of midwinter rest is gone; new life and purpose are astir in nature, and before the end of January the sharp spring call of the great titmouse warns the woodlands that the time of darkness is gone. But up to Christmastime, although there is already a gain of a minute or two of afternoon

light since the middle of the month, the increase is too slight to make itself felt, and the full sense of rest still broods upon nature. Under the stillness of the tree-boughs, interlacing their varied lines, the brief day fades forth without a struggle, seeming a mere fleeting interval "between a sleep and a sleep." "The days do just open

The Times.

and shut" as an old cottage woman once put it in a sunless Christmastime. Yet in the darkness of the woodlands there is no sense of oppression or gloom, where the year's long path is ending. While goodwill holds sway at Christmastime round human hearths, no less surely over the world of nature without there dwells the spirit of peace.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Kipling has found literary material in his recent tour in Canada, and will publish his impressions of what he saw in a series of "Letters to the Family" in the London *Morning Post*.

Stopford A. Brooke's "The Sea-Charm of Venice" is a charming bit of descriptive writing, which may be read and re-read with pleasure. Extending over hardly more than a hundred small pages and easily read in an hour it leaves a vivid and abiding impression upon the mind. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Among the novels announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for publication this spring are "The Loadstone" by Will Lillibridge; "The Husbands of Edith," by George Barr McCutcheon; "My Lady of Cleeve" by Percy J. Hartley; "Meryl," by William Tillinghast Eldridge; "The Mother of the Man" by Eden Philpotts; and "Lord of the World," by Robert Hugh Benson.

The London Publishers' Circular prints a classified summary of books published in England in 1907. New books reached 9,914, or 1,311 more than in 1906. Fiction decreased slightly, but increase is shown in Religion and Philosophy, Law, History and Biography, Poetry, and Medicine; while Arts, Sciences, and Illustrated

Works rose from 452 new books and 47 new editions to 863 and 246.

Apropos of the intimation in the recent notice in *The Living Age* of Miss Ellen Burns Sherman's "Words to the Wise and Others" that the book showed signs of imitation of Bernard Shaw, the author explains, in a note to the reviewer, that the whole of her book was written at least a year before she had read a line of Shaw. This establishes a sort of intellectual alibi, for the author manifestly could not have imitated what she had not read.

"The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff," in two volumes, will soon be published by the Macmillans. Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," which has also been announced by Messrs. Macmillan, will not be ready until later in the season; but the first volume of the English edition of Dr. Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch Masters of the Seventeenth Century," which they held over from the autumn, is expected soon.

The sale of *The London Times* to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson and his associates is the most astonishing and in some ways the most depressing incident in the recent history of London journalism. Mr. Pearson is the creator of "Pearson's Magazine" and the

foremost exponent of sensationalism in English journalism. He has transformed *The Standard*, which he acquired some time ago, into something which has nothing but the name to recall the original paper. That *The Times* should now be delivered into his hands is an amazing proof of the inroads of the "new journalism."

Several notable works on Socialism are announced. Mr. Murray will publish "*A Critical Examination of Socialism*" by Mr. W. H. Mallock, a book which is partially founded on a series of addresses delivered during the winter of 1907 at the Universities of New York, Harvard, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The series is described as an "examination of the false principles and deficient conceptions of fact which lie at the root, and form the sole distinguishing feature, of all forms of Socialism." From Messrs. Smith, Elder is coming a volume by Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., entitled "*English Socialism To-day: Its Teaching and its Aims Examined*," being a reprint of the articles published in the "*Standard*." And Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish the Rev. R. J. Campbell's new book, "*Christianity and the Social Order*," in which the author maintains that the decline of churchgoing is balanced by the enthusiasm which Socialism is showing itself able to evoke.

Two volumes of "*Miscellanies*" are to be added to the "National" edition of Dickens. The *Miscellanies* have never before been included in any collection of Dickens's works, and a great quantity of the material—notably, the majority of the novelist's contributions to "*Household Words*"—is now identi-

fied for the first time. Mr. B. W. Matz, who writes an introduction to the volumes, states that the "*Contributors' Book*," which enabled him to identify the "*Household Words*" contributions, is now in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., to whom it was presented in 1903, "as a memento of Mr. and Mrs. Wills." Only the pieces written entirely by Dickens have been preserved in the forthcoming volumes, though his influence and frequent collaboration may be traced throughout the pages of his paper. Mr. Matz notes, with regard to one of these, that "In '*Reprinted Pieces*' there is a chapter entitled '*A Plated Article*,' and as the contents of the volume were collected during Dickens's lifetime, there cannot be any doubt that he considered the article was his. Yet we find in the '*Contributors' Book*' that it was by '*C. D. and W. H. W.*' (*W. H. Wills*), and Wills evidently took some credit to himself for it, as he included it in his volume of '*Old Leaves*,' with his usual acknowledgment of his editor's assistance." The other contents of the *Miscellanies* are arranged in sections under the headings of "*The Examiner*"—in which paper the publishers were able to trace a number of contributions never identified by previous searchers—"All the Year Round," containing the contributions identified by Frederic G. Kitton, "*Plays*," and "*Poems*." Dickens's other articles and sketches from the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, *The Times*, his contributions to certain periodical literature, and his introductions to books, which the publishers announced would form part of the "National" edition, will be found added, for convenience in grouping, to "*Reprinted Pieces*," which forms Volume XXXIV. of the series.

